

OCTOBER 4, 1976

CANADA'S NEWSMAGAZINE

60¢

Maclean's

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 Penticton: John Williams (Chair); Graham Mackay
 Winnipeg: John R. Smith (Chair); J. C. Ralph (Secretary)
 Regina: Gerald Rader (Chair); John McLaughlin
 Prince George: Oliver Whittington (Chair); Brenda Whittington
 Vancouver: David Smith

Source: *U.S. Census Bureau, Current Population Reports*.

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[illegible]

Kennedy's *Anti-Defamation League*

[illegible]

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Interview

With Dr. Henry Morgentaler

In the emotional, often bitter debate over abortion law in Canada, Montreal physician Dr. Henry Morgentaler has become a symbol for those who argue that the decision on whether to terminate a pregnancy should be left to a woman and her doctor. Nearly three years ago, Morgentaler, a survivor of Nazi death camps during World War II, was acquitted of performing an abortion, but was later to appear anyway in the Quebec Court of Appeal. Now, for the third time, a Montreal jury has refused to convict Morgentaler (see Canada section) and by so doing has once again focused attention on the freedoms of the great city. Earlier in the year, Morgentaler was interviewed for *Maclean's* by Lorna Parker, who found him surprisingly charming and convinced of the rightness of his actions.

Maclean's: Has the experience of being in prison and the struggle you have had in the last couple of years broken you? Do you regret your decision? Most of them would like to.

Morgentaler: I haven't been broken. I've been wounded, but I'm recovering slowly. But I regret the decision. Not, exactly, because I was able to help so many people. If I had to do now I would be knowing that my life was worthwhile, that I had done something in my life to help people, help which no one else could have or would have given in those circumstances.

Maclean's: Would you do it again?

Morgentaler: That's hard to say. If I had known beforehand all the suffering I would have to go through, the arbitrary arrests, the power the state has, bring to bear upon an individual to break him, so forcing him to his knees, maybe I wouldn't have. I don't know. I was confident that not only would I not go to jail but that what I was doing was in the highest tradition of medical practice, that it was ethical and part of a conscientious way to people taking for it. If you were in a hall, would you extend a helping hand to a drowning person, even if there would be a law upon you may not extend a helping hand? Many were drowning in the sense that they were willing to go any lengths to obtain an abortion, legal or not legal, by "quack" or even by themselves, with a great risk to life and health. I was, you offering a helping hand, and I was sure that no court, no jury, would convict me for such an act. As a result I was right when I explained to the jury at length what my motivations were: what my practice was, how I came to my decision, they understood very well.

Maclean's: What were your feelings

when you finally ended up in jail once?

Morgentaler: It seemed unwarranted. It was so unexpected. I was shocked and amazed. But the largest thing to do, of course, was accept the consequences of my act, and thus what I did. I did not intend to be a martyr. But not to help people. If I had to sacrifice my freedom for a cause in which I believe, will it be?

Maclean's: What was it like in jail? I know you had some very depressed times. Were there any happy moments?

Morgentaler: There's usually a period of adjustment, the shock of incarceration,



I DIDN'T SET OUT TO BE A MARTYR, BUT IF I HAD TO SACRIFICE MY FREEDOM, SO BE IT

You notice that you're cut off from your family, your friends. From your usual surroundings. You're dehumanized. Your clothing is taken away. You become a number. It reminded me of the concentration camp experience which brought about feelings of depression, sadness, dehumanization. But after two weeks or so you adapt. There are things which compensate. There are a lot of young people, and everyone has a different story to tell. In my particular case, there were concerns as to what I felt was good. I was getting along splendidly with most of the prisoners. I got

in touch with prisoners' rights. I organized a petition at Bordeaux. But for very modest demands.

Maclean's: To take legal action?

Morgentaler: That was added to attract the attention of the media, but I think it's a good idea. There is no reason why people deprived of their freedom should also be deprived of sex, especially those who are married or have girlfriends whom they go out with steadily. But the other demands were very modest, like having contact visits. In Bordeaux, but you are separated from your visit by a glass partition and you can't even touch hands. The terrible thing about prisons is that it is so dehumanizing. Most of these people are there only for two years, for small offenses, and the idea is that they should be reintegrated into society. But it's hard to see how you can reintegrate someone into society when you make him a robot of a person. In a sense, I was fighting for my own dignity as a person, as a prisoner, and for the dignity of the other prisoners. That was the idea of the petition. The prisoners liked me. The authorities didn't.

Maclean's: Is it true that you had often observed to several cabinet ministers and judges' wives daughters, maids?

Morgentaler: It is true that I gave abortions to wives and daughters and maids of very prominent people. I have not kept a list, but I think it just underlines the hypocrisy. Some of these same people would stand up on a public forum and denounce abortion, and then behind the scenes they would send someone else to them to a clinic where they knew this person would get a safe medical abortion.

Maclean's: When you were in Bordeaux, you wrote some depressed, almost bitter poems wondering why all the women you had helped were now so angry at you?

Morgentaler: It's a little bit forgotten that I asked my doctors to help them. Many of them may have felt compassion for me but then they could not do anything. As a matter of fact, I received a number of very moving letters from patients. It was a great help. Now women often come up and shake my hand and say, "We want to thank you for all you've done for women."

Maclean's: Does that make it seem worthwhile?

Morgentaler: I was able to help people and I think this is what constitutes it all about, really. What I deplore is the fact that what should be viewed as a medical service is still surrounded by the aura of criminality. So many women are still



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Ford LTD II	118.9"	"	
Capeche	116.9"	121.5"	
Impala	118.0"	121.5"	
Chevrolet	116.9"	116.9"	



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withstand. After a while after my initial decision to do abortion, I realized that the only method I had developed and perfected was so good that it was a scandal that women across Canada were not able to use it. I announced publicly that I was doing abortions. I even performed an abortion on a Saturday afternoon. That's a method does exist, that's a simple. I can be done in a medical clinic or an ambulatory clinic without hospitalization, without general anesthesia, with a very quick recovery. It was a coincidence that it was shown on Mother's Day 1973, and those people who were against abortion thought it was a kind of provocation.

Mackenzie: How do you feel about your upcoming fight to legalise?

Morgentaler: I respect those people who for religious or other reasons are against abortion. What I resist is the fact that there is a very small financial minority so strongly against abortion that they want to impose their view of morality on the whole of the population through the criminal law.

Mackenzie: Does it make you angry when people say you made a lot of money doing abortions?

Morgentaler: From the start I set myself a goal. As far as I was \$300. Then it was \$500. I had patients who offered to pay me almost as much as I would have liked, but I said no. Once the maximum was set at \$500, nobody paid more than \$500.

Mackenzie: What proportion of patients paid the maximum?

Morgentaler: That is very hard to say. There was always been almost nobody paid the full amount. It was widely known that my policy was not to refuse anybody because of inability to pay. Consequently I was getting referrals from many of the social agencies that were taking care of the poor, unmarried mother, people on welfare, mothers with many children, and so on.

Mackenzie: Did you ever do any abortions for mothers?

Morgentaler: Oh, yes, many.

Mackenzie: Did you ever turn anybody away?

Morgentaler: I never turned anyone away for money, but have I refused anyone? Yes. Turn of all my method itself was good only up to 12 weeks, and when I examined a woman and found that she was over 12 weeks I referred her to a hospital or the United States. Some women were refused because they were not sure that they really wanted the abortion. If they hesitated I would usually discuss it with them. They had to be sure that they really wanted it.

Mackenzie: How do you feel after talking about abortion for several years and going to courtrooms like some witnesses? Are you a bit tired of the whole subject?

Morgentaler: Yes. I wish I could start talking about something else for a change. I've been campaigning for about nine years. The point I want to make—and I think it is a very important point—is that the medical

of ambulatory abortion by vacuum suction is simple and safe. But many doctors don't know about it. Here I was sitting in my clinic with what I considered to be a safe, people walking out healthy, smoking, joking, grateful—and for some reason, for some reason in the law, Canadian women were not able to take advantage of it. What puzzled me is that people are afraid it's going to be extremely bad abortion. It's as if some people for some reason would be afraid that the operation was too simple, too easy. It's as if they're a hidden bias that women, if they have to have an abortion have to suffer, have to undergo agonies and pains for their sin. It's a very puzzling attitude.

Mackenzie: But our respondents felt that no



I GAVE ABORTIONS TO WIVES, DAUGHTERS AND MISTRESSES OF VERY PROMINENT PEOPLE

wasn't how, whether it was and how little pain was involved that it was simple.

Morgentaler: There are some people who believe that the earth is flat. There are people with all kinds of beliefs. There's not much you can do about that. I think the argument is in society as to or what somebody else's beliefs. I don't mind if people are against abortion. But I invite them to promise what they promise. If a woman is against abortion, it is a form of no question her status, religious, personal, or whatever. I would defend her right not to have an abortion if someone wanted to impose it on her. I think it is her right to decide whether a pregnancy should continue or not. But I do not think it is her right to impose her views on any other woman who may decide that an abortion is the res-

sponsible and the right to do as she wants.

Mackenzie: How do you deal with the problem of when the fetus becomes viable? Does that worry you at all?

Morgentaler: I did a great deal of research and study on it. I chose to set that at the beginning of the concept of you are not dealing with a baby. There is no definite shape, and more cells are added up, and so on and so on. It is only around five months that you could say, well, here we have an entity that possibly could be considered a baby. But up to five months it is such a small entity that it is definitely not a baby. You can call it a project.

Mackenzie: Did this depend on sex of it?

Morgentaler: No. Usually, you are dealing with a situation where a woman has decided that she does not want that embryo to become a human being. That is not a decision against motherhood per se, because half the women who have abortions are mothers already and the other half want to become mothers later. A well done abortion means that they will be able to. A woman who has an abortion by a quick very often becomes fertile and can't proceed later on. If you consider all the possible consequences, the danger of quick abortions or self-done abortions, the danger of suicide if a woman has to go through a complete pregnancy, has to give up a baby to an institution, the possibility that that baby, because of the frustration in an institution, may become a juvenile delinquent or a criminal or a psychotic—when you weigh all that, there is no ethical problem in performing abortion.

Mackenzie: How has taking up this cause affected your personal life?

Morgentaler: When I started doing abortions it added a certain dimension to my life, at the time that I felt that I had more integrity. I was true to my beliefs. I was pursuing what I was pursuing. That was the positive aspect. The negative aspect of course was that I was subjected to a great deal of stress. I was worried that some of my patients might be injured, raped and up with complications, because it was a new method. Later on, there were all the unpleasant things, like having to go to court all the time, being harassed and harassed, going to jail. There's no doubt that it has affected my life. After you spend five years in a concentration camp and it is a ghetto in your youth it's not an easy path to face disappointment. It hadn't been a gambler I probably wouldn't have risked so much.

Mackenzie: Are there any other political struggles that you identify with?

Morgentaler: Oh yes. I'm very interested in the treatment of political prisoners. I'm interested in all the problems that mankind faces without a problem for people to collectively do something instead of not doing anything. You've got to deal with these problems, you've got to do your best individually and collectively. There are so

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Walking and Hiking

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2. Make sure your shoes or boots offer firm support. They should have a raised heel. The high top, "health" shoes may be fine for standing around but they're murder on a five mile walk.

3. Always wear wool socks. Wool absorbs moisture; wool is warm wet or dry, wool doesn't bunch. Sheep wear wool and stay out all winter.

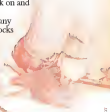


Cross Country Skiing

1. Pick one brand of wax and stick (no pun intended) with it. Always wax for colder weather if you're unsure of the temperature, you can always add a softer (warmer) wax if you have to. You cannot put a cold wax over a warm one.

2. On extended tours in remote areas, carry a spare plastic ski tip or a roll of black plastic electrical tape. If you snap a tip you can tape it back on and continue.

3. In extremely cold weather, many cross country skiers wear an extra pair of socks outside their boots. This isn't as dumb as it sounds. They get the advantage of an extra pair of socks but they don't jam their boots up and restrict circulation. However, it does look as if you forgot something.



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many things going on in society that need attention. The whole presidential system. Many things need to be done to humanize it. There's so much poverty still around. And so many injustices in other fields. There's no shortage of causes to be involved in.

Macleod: People describe you as being *switchy*. They say you will always approach *personally* issues, because somehow life without that *a la* for you *unavoidable*.

Margenstern: I do need it cause something that is greater than myself, to provide me with meaning. I think every people needs a cause. Some people don't find it.

Macleod: What about politics? Your father was a socialist. What about you?

Margenstern: I would describe myself as a democratic socialist. At one point I was considered going into politics. It still remains that I will do that. I rather doubt it. To a certain extent I have become a symbol of abortion reform in Canada. I'm sort of vilified by people, called murderer and assassin by people who consider abortion murder, which is very unpleasant. On the other hand, I get adulation from those people who believe that I helped the cause. But still the pains do down it would be hard for me to be elected politician. Because most political persons I do not like to touch hot subjects. Personally I would like to debate some of that passion. I think it's portrayed usually by the mass media of families who consider abortion to be an abominable crime.

Macleod: Do you have a choice about the issue?

Margenstern: Not actually. I would say yes. It's not natural that the issue and the medical profession should recognize that a woman is a fully responsible human being and should have the right to decide if she wants an abortion rather than a continuation of a pregnancy. Once she has made up her mind as to this (not the state and the medical profession should respect that decision. It seems such a reasonable kind of sense.

Macleod: It sounds as if you are saying that it's fine to break the law as long as you have your own view on the issue.

Margenstern: I don't say that. I believe that it is important to have laws that a society without laws is in chaos. But I also believe that laws are made by men. They are very often imperfect. There are laws that are unjust, and such laws need to be changed. Parliament changes laws all the time. A person who engages in civil disobedience has to be convinced that the law is causing tremendous harm and may cause death and injury. I always believed that what I was doing was legal in the sense that it was against the law, trying to prove that the law is cruel and dangerous to women. I figured if my case came to court I would be able to prove it in court and change the law that way.

Macleod: What do you think your parents would have felt had they been alive?

Margenstern: I'm sure they would have

been proud of me. When I was acquitted by a second jury my first thought was that it was a great moral victory that my father and mother would have been proud of me. My father was one of the leaders of the Jewish Socialist Party in Poland. He was also secretary of the Union of Texas Workers and he defended the workers in court when there was a question of wages and they would not pay a lawyer. So he was engaged in social justice. He was arrested by the Nazis as a prominent member of the Socialist Party, as soon as they created our city. He was held in prison, probably tortured and eventually sent away and probably executed. So I have an emotional image of my father which I have to live up to. A tremendous moral compass.



AFTER FIVE YEARS IN A CONCENTRATION CAMP IT WAS NO EASY THING TO FACE IMPRISONMENT

so much an involvement in social causes, a devotion to justice, a devotion to building a better society, the values of universal brotherhood and the belief in man as being basically good. That is a bit naive, maybe. I believe that man has a potential for good and evil and it's up to us to educate ourselves with his good by providing a society that will encourage or rather the positive aspects of the human personality.

Macleod: It sounds like a religious experience.

Margenstern: It is. Not a belief in the supernatural, but as a system of values, something you are convinced as I have my faith and my shortcomings. Maybe I should learn to be more indulgent toward my own flaws and weaknesses. But it gives a certain stimulus to live up to a moral system or high ideal. I'm very often dissatisfied when I find that I'm not doing

enough to promote the ideals I believe in. Occasionally I'm too passive. Like to withdraw occasionally and read a good book and be a private person. I don't always enjoy being in the limelight.

Macleod: What about the state of your health? Do you think it has been affected badly?

Margenstern: Oh, yes. I'm one of these fellows who likes to be in top physical condition. When I'm not, it depresses me because I sort of know your imperfection of your fullness as a human being. It brings about a sense of being weaker than.

Macleod: But that's not unusual? Do you think "We're all a little bit weak"?

Margenstern: It's hard to tell. I don't remember. There are times when I felt depressed, rejected and depressed about being unjustly mistreated. I know that I had not committed any crime, that my only crime had been to help people. I know that I had challenged the law, tried the law. I knew that I played fair. I played above board and I didn't feel that the authorities played fair with me. I felt that they played dirty, tricks on me.

Macleod: You had a choice, if I understand it correctly, to plead guilty to the 10 remaining charges and have the sentences commuted such that you were serving only one charge in prison, or pleading not guilty and going through with the judge and jury for each of the 10 cases.

Margenstern: Yes. I'm very proud of that decision. It was one of the hardest decisions to make. Because I had been convicted already. I was serving my sentence and my lawyers were telling me that if I pleaded guilty the Crown would agree to have all my remaining sentences, which means there would be no more charges against me. I would be released to no more legal expense, no more stress. But it was a question of principle. I did not feel guilty of any offense. I felt that I had not committed a crime and actually I welcomed the opportunity to prove to everybody that I was justified in providing an abortion. I don't think I could have lived with myself for the rest of my life if I had given in or crumbled.

Macleod: Do you intend to do more abortions?

Margenstern: No, not for the time being. I would gladly cooperate and work toward the establishment of clinics such as mine so I actually offered my clinic to the government to use as doctors and nurses.

Macleod: What will you do if you go back to your general practice and people come to you again because of your reputation and say "The doctor, I need an abortion"?

Margenstern: To tell you

the truth I would be expected to provide them with safe abortions in my clinic, but I don't think that it would be wise for me to do that because I just could not stand the stress and the stress. After six or seven years of legal battles I think I have done my part. I hope other people will take it from here.



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Canada's newsmagazine enters Year Two: a progress report to Maclean's readers

By Peter C. Newman

For more than 70 years of its life as a general interest publication, this magazine was dedicated to searching out the Canadian identity, seeking the unknown horizons and distant villages, while peering close northern latitudes. Then, 13 months ago, *Maclean's* switched to a news format. The transition has had no share of large problems and small triumphs, but a year later we feel satisfied in our own minds that this quality printing and once again we support a newsmagazine in terms both of reader interest and advertising revenues.

Having gone this far, we intend to continue improving the appearance and contents of the magazine, to remain faithful to the hopes of every reader who has helped us to create the eleven that has overcome all too many Canadian periodicals. A magazine that has any pretensions to being alive and in charge of its own destiny must consistently be refreshing itself through the

The movers and the shakers



and energetic young lady with talent to burn, is making her mark as our new business chief in Vancouver. Graham Fraser has recently become our Montreal Bureau Chief, following his successful stewardship as leading principal reporter for *The Globe and Mail*. Peter Branson, a thoughtful young writer who graduated from Stanford University's Graduate School of Business and put in a distinguished apprenticeship with *The Financial Post*, has taken over direction of our business coverage. This new team will be working closely with the rest of us veterans who began a full year's service.

Editing a magazine is a mad profession depending on as it does on a mixture of assumptions and insights about what's important or trivial. Any successful magazine must echo and anticipate the half-formed but no less deeply felt opinions of its readers, weaving underlying themes of which they may be only faintly conscious. Within the limits of truth and libel, the journalist's most essential talent is the creation of content. Our new format comes with it a special obligation to combine a sense of prophecy with a sense of confirmation in trying to deal with the torrent of daily dispatches, reports, rumors, sensations and trial balloons that arrive in our offices from an unending universe.

To help both *Maclean's* editors and advertisers relate to some of our audience, we

A word to the learned



of reaching to the events and people we write in pages. So this summary may probably tell them about where the magazine has been and where it's going.

Recent changes in our crowded labyrinth of volumes at Maclean's House herald some drastic directions. Under the inspired guidance of Ken Beland, our new art director, a sprightly page design has been assigned into these pages. Maria McDonald, whose writing pen we use for our departmental diet parties between her assignments, is about to depart for a year as our Paris-based foreign correspondent. Mark Nichols, a Vancouver native who rose to be second in command of *Time's* Canadian edition, has just been appointed our new National Editor to direct expansion of our Canadian news sections, while Kevin Doyle, a native of Fitzroy Harbour, Nova Scotia, who attended the London School of Economics and was until recently a Canadian Press correspondent in Washington, has just joined the staff as Foreign Editor. Judith Tremblay, a bright

recently undertook the first of three surveys of our subscribers' attitudes. The study's highlights, summarized in the accompanying pie charts, provide an important profile of our readers, who spend an average of 90 minutes with the magazine (some 75.2% incidentally turn its pages over at a time, while 16.6% thumb through, passing at selected items.) Encouragingly enough, each issue is picked up at least five times and, surprisingly, 4.3% of our total loyal subscribers pick us up more than once a week. (At least once, I suspect, to wait some offending fly or mosquito.) While many of *Maclean's* readers appeared our old format, an overwhelming 67.8% prefer our newsmagazine presentation. Nearly eight out of 10 now believe our audience believes that we provide the kind of coverage that is not fulfilled by any of the other media. Probably the most typical comment to come out of the survey was from an engineer in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, who wrote "I feel at home with *Maclean's* and use certain articles for reference. I don't always agree with the magazine, but I certainly wouldn't want to be without it." The most common complaint was that we cannot be a genuine newsmagazine and we achieve weekly publication.

True enough and ever since Lloyd Hodgkinson became publisher of this magazine back in 1971 and I became editor.

Financial considerations



for it has been our intention eventually to move onto a 52-issue publishing schedule. In 1977, we will be accelerating our frequency from the present 23 to 26 issues and within a year from now we will either be making the year long into weekly production or at the very least have concentrated ourselves to a definite weekly date. The final decision will depend on the kind of reader-consciousness that have kept *Maclean's* afloat this long. Whatever happens, as long as I am editor, this magazine will consistently be changing, reaching out to grab more attention from you, our readers.



The Charlie Burch.

(General and root beer)

A friend of ours recently found himself with some unexpected guests, a bottle of Smirnoff and a supply of root beer. Neither he nor any one present had mixed Smirnoff and root beer before. But the occasion called for a drink, the hour was late and the only place open was a good defense away. They tried to make do with what they had.

Our friend thought the result so surprisingly good that he suggested we try it. We agreed, and we pass the simple formula along, named after its inventor.

In so doing, we have no wish to convert anyone from



plain old root beer when that's what the occasion calls for. Everything in its place, we always say. To make a Charlie Burch, pour 1 1/2 oz. Smirnoff into a tall glass of ice-cold root beer.

Smirnoff
It leaves you breathless

Letters

A little more traveling music, this time with a definite upbeat

The Allan Fotheringham column of *Levee Trenching Music Please* (September 6) was read here with considerable interest. It is an example of biased comment that is damaging to an extremely significant industry. Toronto is the world's fastest growing industry and it does require control to balance the ratio of permanent residents and tourists who visit heavily populated areas. Toronto authorities are increasingly conscious of this responsibility and are taking positive steps to maintain a reasonable balance of visitors and to prevent overcrowded services.

Monies of tourism is not a casual or only a symptom of more basic problems in government policies throughout the world. There are many examples of abuses and resort areas that enjoy the benefits of tourism. In many cases, tourists do not represent the only or primary source of revenue that provides income, employment and employment. Such an example is Bermuda, which has carefully preserved the environment and standards of excellence enjoyed by Bermudians and visitors from many parts of the globe. Canada is blessed with a healthy and growing travel industry. Contrary to Fotheringham's view, not many who recognize that travel to and within Canada does contribute to our economic health and national unity (international understanding and enrichment of life).

Maclean's has run many fine travel columns and features. This is not one of them. P. G. BEAULIEU, PRESIDENT
TRAVEL INDUSTRY ASSOCIATION OF CANADA, OTTAWA

If "intolerance" is no longer abided in the Pacific area (the St. Lawrence), what is

the hell is it doing in the pages of *Maclean's*? I suppose the "spiritual, unenclosed" citizens waddling off jumbo jets should strictly say hello to strike just for Fotheringham who seems to consider himself a hawk higher than the angels. And why this preoccupation on the same subject in his report of the N. leadership conference?

I guess your subscription to *Time* is a sign that when *Maclean's* is not available you turn to *Time*. I find Fotheringham's column very similar to *Time's* (I was wrong) — when it was more interested in David Foster's table manners than in the music. I keep hearing people say Fotheringham is a good journalist and I'd love to know who started the rumor.

JOELIN PORTER, MOUNT REAL, ALBERTA

A fourth cheer for the New Haskins

I enjoyed *Why the Power People Gave Down the Road* (Richard The New Haskins) (August 30). During my four years as a graduate student at Dalhousie University, I was awarded some of the transformations described in Bruce Parkhill's report. Less often others are noted, it should be considered that one of the best features of the city is that anyone who takes of the ever-changing pace associated with the "new Haskins" can quickly and easily withdraw from the city to enjoy the relatively unspoiled countryside surrounding Halifax. As the Halifax-Dalhousie area grows, no residents should temper the desire for more development with a strong-willed defense of this environment.

Dalhousie University by the way, is famous not only for its medical and legal faculties (as mentioned in the article) but also for its Department of Oceanography

which (together with the Department of Biology and several government laboratories) gives the area the distinction of being one of the largest (and best) centres for marine studies in the world.

PAUL G. HARRISON, DEPT OF BIOLOGY
UNIVERSITY OF VANCOUVER

I was just reading your magazine and noticing all the articles on Canadian issues that think it's "a truly worthwhile Canadian magazine" and better than *Time*, etc. I began to think, well, maybe this will work and we will have a magazine for all Canadians when I came upon your description of Halifax as "Canada's oldest city." Oh, no! Back to the drawing board. Guess what, Canada? We joined you in 1949. And guess what Canada? St. John's, Newfoundland, is Canada's oldest city. Most people here are really trying to think of themselves as Canadians but it's pretty difficult when Canada's newspapers are grounded at North Sydney west.

BARBARA LYNN REED
GREEN'S HARBOR, NEWFUNDLAND

Editoring on quantity, but not on quality

The article *Are Canadiana Giving Their \$12 Billion Worth?* (September 6) by Eleanor Ward and Robert Miller includes a factual error. The number of full-time postsecondary students was 311,000 in 1961 but 163,143 in 1971. In 1971 there were only 475,540 full-time post-secondary students out of the 500,000 mentioned in the article. Apart from this, the article has provided a balanced presentation of a complex issue.

MARK HOWARD MURPHY
STATISTICS CANADA, OTTAWA

Olympian loss, Olympian effort

I took exception to *Money of The XII Olympiad* (August 3) by Melvin Fournier. Nowhere in the article did he give credit to the Canadian swim team, particularly the women, who won most of Canada's 11 medals. Admittedly they were not gold medals but they were still medals. I took particular exception to the sentence "the three medals of high-jumper Greg Joy, canoeist John Wood and equestrian Michael Vukobratovic, in the performance of the sprint relay teams at the subzero temperatures of Lake Deschambault's basketball pond (which flooded forth), there were grounds for optimism." What about the female swimmers? Are there not grounds for optimism there? After all, if it weren't for them, Canada's medal total would have been even less impressive.

ALICE BURROUGHS, WINNIPEG

I want to congratulate you on the outstanding achievement of *Maclean's* news coverage. My family and I particularly appreciated your comprehensive, timely and in-depth coverage of our exciting and successful Olympic Games. In that section, as well as in the rest of *Maclean's*, your coverage was equally as good as on previous occasions in our Canadian coverage. Certainly *Maclean's* has achieved its main objective of reporting the world through Canadian eyes and should begin to provide good reading for our friends in other countries as well.

It is difficult to single out my most treasured when they are all well produced but particularly interview at the front as always an immediate delight. For example, the interview with Dr. Hans Selye (June 14).

DR. FRANK A. PELLER, MISSISSAUGA, ONT.

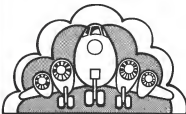
Gymnastics, as we know, is the most graceful and beautiful sport in Olympic competition. *Maclean's* must have had hundreds of pages from which to choose to illustrate this section of *Money of The XII Olympiad*. Olga Korbut was portrayed in a superficially cropped picture that could have had no artistic merit whatsoever. At most every pose the gymnast strikes is poorly captured — what possible motive could you have had in making these deplorable selections?

JOYCE CERNIAK, PEMBROKE, ONT.

Yes, we have some business

I think the letter from Mr. H. Gray of Calgary (August 8) on the subject of *Rebirth* should be compulsory reading in all our secondary schools in the hope that the generation growing up will understand the true situation that exists in Canada today. Eldest for some 30 years, I am a European and four Latin-American countries and we here in Canada have the nerve to classify some of these countries as "black republics" when in fact Canada is the Number One business republic of the world. The countries in which I lived and worked have mirrored and their eyes have been opened.

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(This information is not used) This is a sample publication with the 1st issue of 1971.

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HERE

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Since 1888, Cora Vermouths have been exported from Italy to North America. They were the first. Today, Cora Red Sweet Vermouth and Cora White Very Dry Vermouth are loved around the world for their delicate flavour and high quality. Try Cora and you'll agree, it's an international love affair, Italian style.

to the exploitation of this resource. However, here in Canada we are still in the crude stage and we allow our non-renewable natural resources to be exploited, and mostly in raw form, thereby denying employment to our people.

M. P. E. WILSON, VICTORIA

Under the tree don't shake the man
in *What Every Well-Dressed Man Is Wearing This Year* (September 6) Sandra Peudo warns: "There have been some complaints that 'tight, underpants-panties pants' contribute to impotence." Mercy! As if there weren't enough caustic threats already. Tight jockey shorts have nothing to do with impotence—inability to achieve erection. They may, however, in some cases, have something to do with lowered sperm count, overheating, lack of ventilation.

If back control is not your objective male reader, try wearing a kilt.

JACK MCELTON, TORONTO

The orthogonist
It is with great disappointment in Maclean's that I read the irresponsible article *The Foreigner Man* (August 9) on the Honorable Paul Martin. Although our political views are obviously different, I feel for Paul Martin, his respect and esteem that I believe to be widely shared among people of all parties who have the honor of knowing him personally. He has devoted his life to the service of Canada and he has earned with distinction in many high offices. A true patriot, Paul Martin is a kind and good person and truly a gentleman whose contributions, despite the cheap remarks of your writer, will have a permanent place in the history of our nation.

SEAN O'SULLIVAN, HE
HAMILTON-WENTWORTH-GNT

I read with great interest Marc McDonald's article on the Canadian High Commissioner the Honorable Paul Martin. She hit the nail on the head, it was a very well-written and true-to-life article. Working in the Press Office has put me in direct contact with Paul Martin's office and for publicity. He has no same respect recorded when Canada has consistently given some recognition in the through press over the past year. I have been working here since May and I have been introduced to Paul Martin at every reception, press conference and function that I have attended. He has not yet been heard of by me.

GLINDA PERKINS
PRESS AND INFORMATION OFFICE
CANADIAN HIGH COMMISSION
LONDON

I thoroughly enjoyed Marc McDonald's article on Paul Martin—greatly debunking yet sympathetic. I remember the very first time I met Paul Martin. He said "Good to see you again, young man."

IN STEPHEN, BONG, KONG



SX-70 pictures. Pronto!

Polaroid's light little automatic,
for the new Superclear film.



Pronto! puts SX-70 pictures

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This is our smallest instant camera ever. Just set the dial, frame and press the button. This little camera's 12,000 p.p.s. motor propels a big SX-70 picture into your hand, already developing. In minutes, you'll have a beautiful finished color print.

Pronto! uses the new SX-70 film with Colorlock dyes. These colors are among the most fade resistant ever in photography. Even the battery is built into the film pack (fresh power every time you load).

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An electric eye and electronic shutter set all exposures automatically, even for flash. And you can even get Pronto! occasions such as a tripod mount and soft timer so you can get into your own pictures from 3 feet to infinity. You can take it anywhere. What'd you say? Pronto!

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*This year, three
out of every
hundred children
in Ontario under
the age of
sixteen will need
the help of a
Children's
Aid Society*

**YOUR
CHILDREN'S
AID SOCIETY
needs your help!**



Trade your hog for a Rabbit.

You loved that car of yours when it was new, didn't you? All bright and shiny and everything?

How could you know the world would change? How could you know it would use too much gas, too much space, too much everything?

How could you know that there would be a VW Rabbit?

We knew 5 years ago. That's when we started—from absolute scratch—to design the one and only car that honestly makes any sense today.

It's almost as if we re-invented the wheel. We re-thought every detail, every old concept of car design to get to the new concept of the Rabbit.

For example, size. The Rabbit is a big car. Not to look at. Outside, it parks in almost no space.

But inside, there is more glass area than in a Lincoln Continental Mark IV, as much legroom and headroom as some mid-sized cars, and (with the rear seat down) more luggage space than a Cadillac Fleetwood.

Shelf up. Hidden luggage space.

Shelf and seat fold down. It's a station wagon.

Seats fold again. Now it's a station wagon.

Tilted engine sloping hood, better visibility.

Sheet metal absorbs impact.

Flexible steering wheel.

Engine sideways for more space.



Seat belts put themselves on.

Quite an achievement.

Another example. Safety.

The Rabbit helps make you a safer driver!

Front-wheel drive gives you better tracking.

Rock-and-pinion steering gives you better handling.

If one front tire blows, negative steering roll radius helps you to a straight stop.

If one brake circuit fails, a second circuit is still there.

A totally new rear axle makes the car more stable (and safer) on rough roads.

An amazing option on all VW Rabbits is a unique safety

belt that puts itself on as you sit down.

Still another example: economy and performance.

The EPA estimates that the Rabbit with stick shift got 46 mpg on the highway, 30 mpg in the city. (Actual mileage may vary, depending on type of driving, driving habits, car's condition and optional equipment.)

Economy alone is a major accomplishment. But economy plus great performance is close to a miracle.

We've done it.



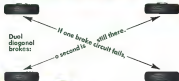
0-50 mph in 8.2 seconds. No other car gives you this kind of power with so much economy.

The Rabbit zips from 0 to 50 mph in a mere 8.2 seconds.

A \$10,000 Alfa Romeo doesn't do much better.

No other car gives you this kind of power with so much economy.

There are more than 90,000 VW Rabbits



hopping around North America.

It is the most successful new foreign car introduction in history.

The Amazing Rabbit

Our biggest sale was to Detroit's Big Three—56 Rabbits. We

don't think it was a gesture of friendship or because they liked the colour.

They are tearing them to pieces to find out how we did it. We did it the hard way—from scratch.

But it was worth it. The Rabbit is a happy car, and we're happy with it.

At first, we were worried about the future of the car.

Now we've come up with the car of the future.

Preview

The woman who could be queen

Sailors, of course, have a different gal in every port, which may be one reason why Prince Charles will leave the Royal Navy at year's end. Another reason is the 25-year-old beauty who is widely expected to be Charles's darling everywhere and, not coincidentally, the future Queen of England. Tall, blond and impeccably bred, Diana Sheffield has been wooed with quiet determination by the heir to the throne for the past two years. It has been a conventional royal courtship—lunches with the Queen, polo at Windsor, scented seaside interludes. Diana, said to be the 17-year-old princess's favourite, Anne, is a cousin of Lord McGowan. Her parents, who were wealthy, are dead—her businessman father dying eight years ago, her mother the victim of a brutal murder at the hands of two young beguilingly attractive men. Personal tragedy helped propel the orphaned Diana toward London, where she worked for a time with war orphans. As for Charles, the official reason for his leaving the navy and his command of a minesweeper is his assigned responsibility for organizing his mother's silver jubilee.

It was a very good year: Cloning out the cellar may become an essential part of the risk just in cloning out the strait is for the rest of the country, now that the age of the wine auction has dawned in Canada. The nation's first (legal) wine auction was scheduled for October 6 in Toronto, when 10,000 bottles of fine German and French vintages were to be offered to the public. The sale was the final chapter in the long and occasionally exotic story of the Walkers House Hotel, once a landmark but in later years a steady loss for a less-than-stylish clientele. The hotel, now demolished and assembled in cellar over the years. Now that Ontario law permits such auctions, liquor officials believe there will be any of them—including sales by the tens of wealthy oenophiles, who for the first time are able to invest in wine with the prospect of a cash return.

Was it worth that liability? It seemed increasingly likely, investigators find that the nuclear collision that dented 176 lives



Sheffield: one reason why the sailor is breaking the nap

over Yugoslavia last month resulted from a language mix-up, with the Canada's air traffic controllers and Yugoslavians arguing to blame again. The British Airways Trident and Yugoslavians last night (Oct. 9) collided at 30,000 feet. Yugoslav authorities promptly detained five air traffic controllers in Zagreb's Pleso Airport. Subsequently, a British newspaper—the Daily Express—reported that Zagreb's control's first shouts of warning were in Serbian, a language the British pilot didn't understand. If that report proves correct, Canada's "English-only" lobby would have fresh ammunition, a dangerous prospect for Ottawa, which is pressing ahead with a study to determine whether bilingual air traffic control could be extended to international as well as visual flight rules.

Breaking up ahead: Individuals logging a pet hobby have often told someone that: "Go here a half." Yes, but Madison Square Garden? That's the half David I. Levine, a 37-year-old Virginia millionaire, has hired for October 23. He's here to divorce, and he's putting on a very serious seminar entitled: "All about divorce and how about marriage, too." New Yorkers and others will be invited to shell out \$12 to attend. Levine's "half" can accommodate 20,000 and costs \$42,000 to run. Why is he doing it? "I'm not [a] lawyer," he says, "I'm doing this to help other people." Levine has gone through two divorces in recent years, the first after 30 years of marriage.

What, water everywhere? It's still nearly three months away, but the Canadian navy is already fretting about policing the new 300-mile limit off the nation's 86,000 miles of coastline. The limit, declared unilaterally by Ottawa, becomes effective in January and one of its most important consequences will be a hoped-for improvement in managing the nation's fish resources. On any given day there may be as many as 100 Soviet vessels sweeping up everything from seaweed to huge groundfish on the Atlantic banks. Responsibility for making sure foreigners adhere to their fishing quotas falls to Vice-Admiral Douglas Boyle, 53, who has been known to grumble that he's already undermanned and understaffed.

Well, it seemed like a good idea at the time: The union movement's so-called "day of protest" October 16 may prove to be as big a headache for the Canadian Labor Congress as for Pierre Trudeau. Labor leaders are worried that a less-than-mobilized workforce will damage the C.U.'s credibility in its campaign against wage and price controls. Nationally, British Columbia expects to be hardest hit by the one-day work stoppage. In central Canada, labor's response will be split. Because of some union, particularly in the public sector, will grudge the protest. Said one union chief: "We're not active. We know that a lot of workers are going to stay on the job. Right now, with wage cutbacks waiting in the wings, that's the only way to go to be good." That would be bad for the already embattled Prime Minister.

The resurrection of Peter Puck: Undoubtedly by sagging ratings for Hockey Night in Canada's Wednesday and Sunday telecasts and underlined by the native indifference to the sport among U.S. commercial networks, the never-ending National Hockey League is trying again. Canadian living in border areas will be able to watch live Hockey Monday nights (once the U.S. football season ends in January), provided the league's assumption pan together a network of independent U.S. TV stations to successful.



For people with a taste for something better



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid smoking. Av. per cigarette: Regular 14 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine; King Size 29 mg "tar," 2.3 mg nicotine.

Canada

The return of a man called Trudeau



Trudeau on the campaign trail in Saint John, New Brunswick, to halt the crowd a here. To the other half a bun

Pierre Maurice Pierre Trudeau was paying passage. He sat in a small rooming hall near Charlottetown looking at Prince Edward Island businessmen and farmers reel off complaints against his government: high energy costs, milk-production quotas, a fleabiting of ferry routes in the mainland, poor rail service. Outside, 600 men were getting into the mood for organized labor's Guelph 84 day of protest against wage and price controls by picketing the hall beside Trudeau himself but protesting no miracles.

Nothing to overcome the Liberals' increasingly grim showing in the polls, Trudeau late in September, embarked on the first of a series of feverish-circuiting missions with a five-day swing through the Maritimes that took him to some 12 cities and towns. In the course of his journey, he was called a barn by organized labor, described as arrogant and insulting by angry housewives and told by fishermen farmers and several politicians that he was a con man, a liar and a hypocrite. He was also being hailed as a hero, a savior, a defender of the old Trudeauism, particularly in northern New Brunswick, which is French Canadian and solidly Liberal. At Trudonville, there was a 100-0 mile mob scene as thousands gathered to greet him. A crowd of about 300 surged around Trudeau. But

elsewhere, he seemed to show the contempt and kept to his hotel room for hours on end.

If Trudeau succeeds in reversing the Liberals' downward spiral in the polls, he will probably rise again in the 1979 election. But if he fails, the Liberals will almost certainly have to depose him of the apparently empty of a new leader. Trudeau's strategy is twofold: first, he and his ministers plan to travel more to meet people, including disgruntled Liberal Party workers, and they will try to put a new glow on the government's tarnished image. Two major sources of controversy—disinflation, high gasoline and wage and price controls, will receive special attention. Back in Ottawa, the second tactical thrust will be a deliberate attempt to slow down the pace of change and emphasize consolidation. The "new society," that economic phrase that frightened so many, is apparently dead just four months after it was first coined by Trudeau in his now-famous year-end television interview.

As a necessary prelude to his attempt to reverse last year's loss, the beleaguered Trudeau presided over a cabinet shuffle of a magnitude that caught Ottawa by surprise, generally pleasing the business community and seeming to signal a tilt to the

right. The shuffle also served to ouster one of Trudeau's dominant forces in the cabinet: the past year had seen the departure from the cabinet of three veteran ministers—John Turner, Jean Marchand and Gérard Pelletier. Now two more long-serving ministers, Home Leader Marshall Sharp and C. M. (Bud) Dwyer, the Minister of Science and Technology who doubled as public works minister, stepped aside to help make way for seven new and generally younger faces in cabinet.

The shuffle also resulted in the unexpected departure of cabinet veteran (Bryce Mackasey following an emotional showdown with Trudeau (see box). This shuffle cost Trudeau the services of Alton Mackenzie, who agreed reluctantly to give up the external affairs portfolio to replace Sharp as Home Minister, where his skill in parliament maneuvering will be needed by the government during the difficult months ahead. A gloomy Mackenzie, still credited to a friend, "I felt I was just getting it all together at home."

At least three of Trudeau's new appointments were a warm reception in the business

Did Mackasey jump? Or was he pushed? Or a little of both?

Shortly after 10 a.m. on the day of Pierre Trudeau's cabinet shuffle, Bryce Mackasey, Prime Minister General and Minister of Consumer and Corporate Affairs, entered the shuffle. Mackasey was in good spirits, he said, but had just returned from a Portuguese vacation and a pleasant stopover in London on the way home. Then, inside Trudeau's office, Mackasey's outlook on life grew rapidly darker, and before the day was out the veteran of 14 years in parliament, one of them as a cabinet minister, was an ethical nut again. Just what had happened was far from clear. The conventional explanation was that two good men had quarreled about by accident. But the sight, viewed against the long-standing public affiliation between the two men, prompted a class of unsubstantiated reports, theories and questions: did the volatile Mackasey about whom the media had written close back and tip over his silver emotional chair as Mackasey stormed out of the room? Did Trudeau as his adviser continuously misread Mackasey in order to force him out?

What was abundantly clear was that both Trudeau and Mackasey later regretted what had happened—for obvious reasons. Just a year after John Turner's resignation, Trudeau had lost the most popular minister in his cabinet, and Mackasey was out of the role he loved so much at home stage.

The Mackasey-Trudeau blowup apparently stemmed in part from Mackasey's desire for more cabinet clout and, further in the future, for financial security for his family. Trudeau began by noting that in the impending shuffle he wanted Mackasey to stay on at Consumer and Corporate Affairs (CACA). Mackasey admitted his reluctance, but also announced the rise of a letter he wrote last July, expressing a wish to leave soon from the cabinet. It appears as though Mackasey intended the letter as leverage in an effort to equal his present clout in the party and to get assurance about his future when he left politics (Mackasey has had two brief affairs but has suffered heavy debts from the poor management of a bank trust he had to set up when he reentered the cabinet in 1974). Among other things Mackasey wanted an assurance that he would become a regular member of the substantial cabinet committee on planning and priorities, a kind of inner cabinet. He also wanted responsibility for political organization in anglophone areas of Quebec, his home province, and a promise that after his eventual retirement he would be named to the 100,000-year chairmanship of the Canadian National Railway.

Trudeau reportedly had already indicated several months ago that the CAC job would be Mackasey's. But at their meeting the two noted that, before moving on, Mackasey would first have to change a stu-

case and get him elected as his Montreal-area riding of Verdun. This new condition apparently angered Mackasey because he did not want to leave the region. He told Trudeau categorically to shove his job and stomped out of the room. At 4 p.m., Mackasey decided to return to apologize to Trudeau and talk about staying on in the cabinet. They met at a private restaurant where they were, the newspaper men never took place. "Mackasey was overruled," noted a source in his camp. "That unknown to Trudeau, when key elements in the Liberal Party felt as they best interests to keep him out of the cabinet, Mackasey's adviser rejected any suggestion of staying. If Mackasey was bargaining with the fire, and one adviser, 'I wasn't clear what he was bargaining for. There was nothing he wanted to do in terms of being a minister that he couldn't have done.'"

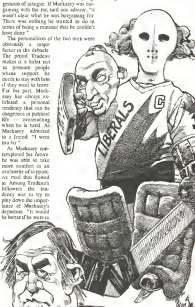
The personalities of the two men were obviously a major factor in the debacle. The proud Trudeau makes it a habit not to please people who report he needs to stay with him. For his part, Mackasey has always exhibited a personal tendency that can be dangerous in political life—overestimating when he is tired. As Mackasey admitted in a friend: "I went too far."

As Mackasey contemplated his future he was able to take comfort in an unlikely prospect: a possible move that would allow him to stay in the party and to get assurance about his future when he left politics (Mackasey has had two brief affairs but has suffered heavy debts from the poor management of a bank trust he had to set up when he reentered the cabinet in 1974). Among other things Mackasey wanted an assurance that he would become a regular member of the substantial cabinet committee on planning and priorities, a kind of inner cabinet. He also wanted responsibility for political organization in anglophone areas of Quebec, his home province, and a promise that after his eventual retirement he would be named to the 100,000-year chairmanship of the Canadian National Railway.

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tion out," said a senior Liberal. "But it's not a politically cathartic event." That analysis may be largely beside the point. Liberal Party public relations don't Mackasey was riding high with a 50% popularity rating, with Trudeau languishing at 28%. From his unenviable position over in the cold, Mackasey declared that there was "no way I am going to let my resignation from the cabinet, which was an accident, reflect on Trudeau." Primarily, however, he remained on the sidelines of leaving on the year as Liberal leader. And if Trudeau were to step down it was possible that Bryce Mackasey would be among those seeking to succeed him.

ROBERT LEWIS



"Trudeau, when 100,000-year chairmanship of the Canadian National Railway." "Trudeau, when 100,000-year chairmanship of the Canadian National Railway."



Roberts and Abbott (above), Compagnie and Cullen (below): most unlikely to offend



new constituency. One was the choice of Anthony Abbott to take over as Corporate and Consumer Affairs, a somewhat irresponsible choice chosen over Trudeau by Mackenzie's in-house deputy, Cullen. From the cabinet, Tony Abbott's father, Douglas, was Mackenzie King's finance minister, and the younger Abbott is a former head of the Retail Council of Canada, the lobby for the major department stores and supermarket chains. In his new portfolio, Abbott will be responsible for legislation he once lobbied against, including the competition bill. The Retail Council annually greeted his appointment with delight, while the Consumers' Association of Canada expressed "extreme disappointment" at Mackenzie's departure (inspired Abbott: "I want to remind the nation that I'm a meeting-day-of-opportunity").

Other moves applauded by business included the appointment of Jean Chrétien, who had earned a reputation as the "Mr. No" government (sounding as president of the treasury board, to head industry, Trade and Commerce, and the choice of Les Macdonald, the first native Canadian in the federal cabinet, as minister responsible for small business, a new portfolio. The new man in External Affairs is Newfoundland's Denis Johnston, a party politician who is considered relatively pro-



Roberts and Abbott (above), Compagnie and Cullen (below): most unlikely to offend



American and will be given the job of trying to mollify American businessmen made uneasy by nationalist intransigence in the Trudeau government. Some of Trudeau's other appointments appeared to favor the progressive wing of the party, most notably the shift of Warren Allmand from science minister to Indian and Northern Affairs. Allmand, who succeeds a lion in favor of Canada's native peoples, replaced Judd Buellman, who succeeded in alienating most native leaders during barely two years in the portfolio. Bud Cullen, promoted from the Department of Revenue to the integration portfolio to replace Robert Andrus who went to the Treasury Board, Fusion's Fox named science minister in place of Allmand, and John Roberts, who replaces Hugh Faulkner as Secretary of State, are all considered progressives. Trudeau also moved to soften the anti-French backlash in the country with the appointment of Andrus, a comparative calm veteran, to the Treasury Board, where he will also be responsible for bilingualism. Andrus, an anglophone with a reputation for cooling off overheating, can be expected to diminish the influence of federal bilingualism policies than did Chrétien, a Quebec francophone. Trudeau also moved to protect his right flank by appointing Jon-

Compagnie, a British Columbia neo-fascist hating and offshore gun controls, as minister responsible for sports.

The political complexion of the new cabinet is in keeping with the same but generally conservative mood that prevails in prime ministerial circles these days.

Accordingly, the government's Throne Speech at the opening of the new session of parliament in mid-October will probably be an understated document, emphasizing industrial productivity and economic growth. Unemployment, the Keynesian problem, will receive attention, but hold new industries and socially oriented legislation will be scarce. The proposed company law bill, part two, will be highlighted, but that legislation is essentially five years old and is meant to encourage low employment. The bilingualism program will likely be altered slightly to put more emphasis on teaching the young, as recommended last spring by Official Languages Commissioner Keith Spence. A new integration law is expected to reflect the conservative mood of the country by further tightening ethnic requirements.

Trudeau's scheme is also based on work on the Liberal stage—to the point that some party members fear that real issues may get lost in the process. New senior Liberals are expressing concern that the government, instead, should be getting ready for the tough decisions that loom ahead on such complex issues as the proposed Mackenzie Valley natural gas pipeline, the balance of payments problem and native rights. Says a former ministerial aide: "The feeling seems to be, when in trouble, advertise." (See page 12)

ALBERTA

Somebody's got to give

A century ago, after three warm winters spread across southern Alberta's Bow River district this fall, leaving farmers reeling and happy. By the end of September, there was just about done and the wheat crop was in the way to be sold. In the relatively rural Bow River area, this important, political right now are not. Yet the recently built for Bow River continued to rage between Conservative leader Joe Clark and Stanley Schumacher the minister. They are, like his party leader, want to run in Bow River constituency in the next federal election. The crux was likely to come at a November 3 meeting of the federal Conservatives' Alberta caucus in Ottawa, going Clark with perhaps the most severe test of his political survival. A vote on whether to give Bow River right now.

Clark could well go down to defeat in an open fight with Schumacher for the nomination, and his advisers reportedly were willing him to cut his losses and run elsewhere. Against that, Clark had to consider his image within the party. If he backed down, party leaders would see that as a sign of weakness to be taken advantage of

Trudeau's hold on his cabinet is looser than you'd think

For governments suffering from that run-down feeling, there is nothing quite like a break cabinet as a means to create an impression of returning vigor. But apart from the obvious cosmetic benefits that have ministerial faces by being, just how important is the role of cabinet, and the man in it, to the functioning of the Trudeau government? The answer probably is that while the civil service still manages to leave its bureaucratic imprint on virtually every stage of the decision-making process, the cabinet under Trudeau remains influential even if it was under the more pre-decisions. Trudeau, despite an autocratic image, does not often impose laws directly on cabinet. Most decisions are reached by judicial search for consensus, and, in the view of some ministers, Trudeau's principal task is that he seems to run a government of "consensus by exhaustion."

One hallmark of the Trudeau cabinet has been the reinforcement and formalization of the system of cabinet committees involved during the later stages of Lester Pearson's prime ministership. Now, few decisions are made by the full cabinet before executive study by one of

five policy committees or four coordinating groups, of which the most important is the powerful priorities and planning committee chaired by Trudeau. It is in the committees that the toughest debate takes place and it is there that ministers and officials policy in defense of their pet projects. In the committees, ministers study and debate everything from the major decisions of the day to comprehensive trade, a recent committee session was devoted to the reworking of an Ottawa bill that was taken over by Urban Affairs. All told, ministers may spend up to 15 hours a week in cabinet and committee meetings. Recently, as a response to the government's ongoing popularity, meetings have been made to move cabinet deliberations more political, reduce the agenda and save ministers more time for reviewing the law under the country.

By and large, Trudeau's cabinet protocol has been made for a more orderly, bureaucratic style of government than existed under John Diefenbaker or Lester Pearson. Dief, for example, procrastinated so much that ministers had to agree secretly on back-stage so that they could present the Chief with a common front. Pearson

used to capitalize on chaos with paper flying and tempers flaring, he would adjourn cabinet meetings for lunch and announce policy decisions just as the ministers were being out.

Another thrust of Trudeau's cabinet system has been to bring the sprawling federal bureaucracy under tighter political control. Yet a common criticism is that the 330-member staff under Michael Pitblow, cabinet secretary and Clerk of the Privy Council, still has too much of a hand in formulating policy. In Mackenzie King's day, civil servants were usually excluded from cabinet deliberations. Now, Pitblow and other key civil servants attend cabinet meetings and see part in decisions all down the line. Another criticism of Trudeau's way of doing things is that, while the system is more efficient, his cabinet is no less accident-prone than any that has gone before. "When I first started, I was impressed with the cabinet committee system," says a former Trudeau minister. "By subjecting a minister to the questioning of his colleagues, I seemed designed to prevent accidents and lateral crises. But the system hasn't been working." (See page 12)

Schumacher himself is confident that he could win a nomination fight, and notes that he has little to lose in backing the party leadership. The party, he says, does not "give me any satisfaction if I'm not asked to do anything." Not would

Schumacher shake by an Alberta caucus decision to let Clark lose Bow River. "If the caucus should choose to impose a decision on the people of Bow River," he warns, "I will protest."

Clark's own instinct might be to back



Schumacher: If there's something you want, Joe-boy, your going to have to take it

Schmeckler had on anyway. But, with the occasion not fully until next year, that would only result in a postponed war which would do nothing for Clark's anger as leader. Accordingly, some of Clark's notes were consoling him to wait for the occasion to Yellowknife, where there are as yet no other Tory squatters. They argue that although Clark would lose face in the short run, the whole affair would soon be forgotten. At the same time, the notes suggested, a Clark-backed candidate could get in Bow River to fight Schmeckler and, perhaps, best him—in show that Clark was not being shoved around. In the meantime, the battle for Bow River had already generated considerable ill will in the Tory ranks. "It's not up to me to counsel him to advise someone else's problem," snapped Schmeckler. "So you angry Clark side of Schmeckler." He should have been a doorknob. But instead, he was media's person.

ILLUSTRATION BY LARRY LORR

Ottawa

Welcome to the club

As part of the Trudeau government's "third option" approach to offsetting Canada's economic and cultural dependence on the United States, Ottawa since 1972 has sought to forge closer ties with Europe. One result was the signing in July of the long-sought "contractual link" between Canada and the European Economic Community. It may be some time before the agreement leads to significant results in terms of expanded trade, but Ottawa's new interest in Europe has already produced other, less tangible dividends. Though it may not have been exactly welcome here, Conservative leader Joe Clark and Tory aide who served Europe for 17 days last month found European more often than not positively glowing in their estimation



Clark with Belgium's Triemermeir. It turns out Trudeau was a tough act to follow

of Pierre Trudeau and his government. Said a Paris-based British journalist "You Canadians may not realize it, but Canada has finally arrived in Europe. It is seen as a full-fledged country now, not just an adjunct of the United States."

When American officials are prone to confront Canadians with Washington's list of Canada-U.S. "irritants," European leaders meeting with Clark were more inclined to look at Canada's (few)—most notably the contractual link and Canada's renewed commitment to NATO in the form of \$1.2 billion earmarked for new aircraft and tanks. Nor has Ottawa's conventional Foreign Investment Review Act turned off the flow of European money into Canada. The Germans, who complained more vociferously about this when it was passed in 1973, have seen 11 of 13 German takeovers of Canadian firms approved under the law and have raised their criticism. The concern of the Italian government is that too much money is being poured into Canada by Italian businessmen fearful of a future Communist government in Rome. Says a Canadian diplomat in Rome: "Let the Americans yell and puff and threaten to pull their money out of Canada. The Europeans are more than ready to step in."

His popularity may be at its low point at home just now, but Pierre Trudeau is given much of the credit for enhancing Canada's image in Europe—though he has his critics there too. Belgian banker Jacques Crozet, a close friend of former finance minister John Turner's, tells Trudeau "odd, slightly leftish." Against that, the PM is said to get along well with European leaders, ranging in the political spectrum from Belgium's Leo Tindemans on the right to West Germany's Helmut Schmidt on the left. Trudeau's European education (the London School of Economics the baroness) may be part of the reason. Says a

Canadian diplomat in Europe: "Trudeau is about as Canadian as a cucumber. The European dream of him as another Eisenhower." His flamboyant personal style may help too. Says Michael Tann, foreign editor of the Paris daily *Le Monde*: "He has given a certain elegance to Canada."

The close-knit Canada-Europe relationship has been helped along too by a busy exchange of visits by government leaders from both sides. Trudeau has made five trips to Europe during the past three years, while Pierre's Wilson Davis of Ottawa, Quebec's Robert Bourassa, Peter Lougheed of Alberta and Richard Hatfield of New Brunswick have all made similar journeys recently. In return, all major European leaders have visited Canada except French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, who plans to be in Canada next spring—the first visit to Canada by a French head of state since Charles de Gaulle made his famous *Vive le Québec Libre* speech in Montreal in 1967.

If the contractual link itself has produced little—yet—on the way of increased two-way business between Canada and Europe, that is hardly surprising. "You really must forget about any short-term consequences from this," says a Common Market official. "You won't see any concrete results for a very considerable time." Canadian manufacturers attempting to break into European markets will still find it difficult, largely because the European permit to supply Canada primarily as a source of raw materials. Germany, Italy and France have been planning heavy investments in Canadian equity markets, with a similar high on their shopping list. In return, the French government-owned auto manufacturer is planning a move into Canada. But the deal for Canada's Northern Bell to sell telephone equipment to France fell through, and France did not want the Canadian-built *Cancon* nuclear reactor, though Italy reportedly is ready to buy it.

But a start has been made on opening doors in Europe and it will be up to Canadian business men to take advantage of their country's heightened profile and improved image there. So far, there is evidence that suggests Canada's willingness to adopt a more aggressive approach. At this spring's trade fair in Leipzig, East Germany, 176 U.S. firms were represented, and Australia had its own pavilion. The Canadian contingent, composed of nearly two companies. **JAN LORR**

Montreal

Another pound of flesh

The claim of Dr. Henry Morgentaler was quickly short-lived. It seemed probable that the obstetrician's tiny fetus in a test tube glass stood up and died quietly in French. That Morgentaler was not guilty and the statement by Superior Court Justice Justice Ducreux that the doctor would be started to court November 2 to have



Margaret Atwood with Betty Gornall of the Montreal Feminist Fellowship; not again

trial dates set for the remaining eight charges against him. His control slipped and the frustration rumbled out "Again!" he shouted. "It's not enough? You want another pound of flesh?"

It was not clear how a Quebec jury had acquired the 53-year-old Montreal doctor on a charge of performing an illegal abortion. The jury's decision had two immediate effects—it put pressure on the Quebec justice department to drop the remaining charges against Morgentaler and it assigned to federal justice officials two in Quebec, at least, the Crown will find it almost impossible to get an abortion conviction against a qualified doctor acting in good faith. A commission appointed by Justice Minister René Bédard, largely in response to the fervor created over Morgentaler, is currently reassessing the federal government's whole approach to abortion.

Quebec's aggressive approach for a conviction in the Morgentaler case over the past three years has transformed the case from one of merely about abortion to a matter of justice. On August 13, 1975, months after terms ending the pregnancy of an unnamed college student from Steeles, Morgentaler was arrested and charged by Montreal police. His first trial ended in a jury acquittal. Quebec appealed the decision and the Court of Appeal, in an unprecedented decision, ordered a verdict of guilty instead of calling for a new trial. The Supreme Court of Canada upheld the

lower court and in March 1975, Morgentaler began serving his 18-month sentence. While in jail, he was again represented by a jury on a second charge. In January, after 10 months in prison, he was released after Justice Minister Bédard ordered a retrial on the original charge—to the displeasure of Quebec officials. In the meantime, parliament had passed a Criminal Code amendment, named after Morgentaler, which took away the right of an appeal court to retrial cases in jury verdicts.

In the end, Morgentaler's lawyer, Claude-Armand Shoppard, again used the defense of necessity for his client. Under the terms of the Criminal Code on operation that ordinarily would be illegal in a considerable if done with the intention of preserving the health of the patient. Three doctors testifying for the defense said they thought the abortion by Morgentaler was necessary to safeguard the woman's physical and mental health. In a bizarre atmosphere in the trial, a juror was removed from the panel after he told Mr. Justice Ducreux that a man had offered her \$1,000 to vote for acquittal. After the trial Shoppard said the woman had been approached by a man in a St. Lawrence River who said he was a Quebec police officer and, without showing her identification, offered her the \$1,000 bribe. On the basis of that assertion, Montreal's Police Association called for a mistrial. Mr. Justice Ducreux said his association with

the new ended with the trial. "It is not my responsibility to launch an inquiry but I hope the attorney general will investigate," he said.

While calling his acquittal a victory for common sense and justice, Morgentaler left the courthouse to greet the anti-abortionists by Quebec police officers. By moving against him yet again, Quebec would run the risk of turning Morgentaler—who is broke, is shaky both in and out of the courtroom—into an alleged mafia leader and martyr. **LINDA BOWEN**

The NW

Call out the cavalry!

Ever since planning gas orders was for the Mackenzie Valley natural gas pipeline, northern natives have warned that before their claims are satisfied first they might take up arms to stop the project. The high-profile reports from Washington last month made it sound as though general warfare, Arctic style, was just around the corner. According to Douglas Durham, a former Pentagon who infiltrated the militant American Indian Movement (AIM), clandestine native arms shipments were moving both ways across the Canada-U.S. border and one major cache was on its way near Bow Lake, 100 miles north of Yellowknife in the Northwest Territories.

In the NW, Durham's tale of gun-running and revolutionary plotting disclosed a few details and raised little doubt.



Durham's tale may be an 18th Period

most, George Erasmus, president of the NW Indian Brotherhood, accurately dismissed Durham's story as "bullshit." It is polar legend, local Montana and much the same thing. According to Durham, whose tale history last spring before a U.S. Senate subcommittee on internal security was released last month, anti leader Dennis Banks, who was named by the American police at the time, set up a hideout near Bow Lake in 1973, that told Durham to join him with guns and ammunition. "They were here, yes," said NW writer Chief Superintendent A. H. Butler. "We knew of their presence through our

ual pecking order (but how could it be a bad one when it was common knowledge they were up there?)

Yet if nobody seemed to attach much weight to Durham's story, neither was it wholly refuted. James Wab-Shue, the former New Brunswick president, once led by Durham in his spiritual work. Banks, might have shed some light on the report that Wab-Shue, disillusioned and bitter after being named in leader of the west natives, is living incommunicado in an Alberta Indian community. Durham's Wab-Shue testimony was embellished with exotic allegations of support for North American natives by guerrilla organizations overseas and clandestine meetings with Chinese agents. To journalists in the Canadian North, Durham's credibility suffered some what from the close proximity to small meetings to talk. After a six report in Yellowknife put in a notice call to Durham at his headquarters, the former settler called back promptly, eager to supply a precise and lengthy account of his life with the Indians. **SARCY COOPER**



Quebec Family Petrow (for a part thereof: they're not a few hours, if not a home)

QUEBEC CITY

Strangers and afraid

For the last several weeks, a wandering band of Eastern European refugees has been late last month on the streets of Quebec City. Released unexpectedly from the custody of federal officials, the Petrow family arrived through Quebec, bought some to their friends and a small number of clothing. The rest were driven to various stores, but all the while they placed anxiously over their shoulders. Arrested at Mirabel airport on July 24 for illegal entry into Canada, the 10 adults and 12 children in the band were understandably unaware of the knowledge that they are stateless persons involved in a desperate fight to be allowed to stay in Canada. "We don't want anything special," said Mika, the wife of one of the Petrow men and the mother of a five-month-old son. "We just want a chance to live in this society."

The sons of the Petrow family, who are of Russian origin, began in Yugoslavia, where they had been living and working legally in June, the band surprisingly crossed the Yugoslav border into Austria, where they bought stolen Italian passports and moved on to Paris. There they booked round-trip tickets to Montreal. Arrested at Mirabel, they requested refugee status on the ground that they were stateless and feared persecution if they returned to Yugoslavia. When Ottawa ordered them deported, the Petrows launched an appeal that was to be heard by the Federal Court of Canada. While they waited, the gymnasiums were held behind bars on the fourth floor of a federal immigration building in Quebec City. Desperate and fearful, two of the women in the group attempted to hang themselves and a third failed miserably at her arms with a butter knife. I was able to interview the Petrows in a

Quebec City park where they were allowed to go under guard for two hours each day. The gymnasiums, divided through an airport for help—anything as long as they were not sent back to Yugoslavia. They insisted that they had no money and were illiterate, but insisted that they were ready for any kind of hard work. "Give us a chance, that's all we ask," said one. "Just a chance and we will prove ourselves."

Shortly after, the plight of the Petrows was raised somewhat as a result of pressure by community groups and individuals who threw their support behind the gymnasiums. Quebec City business paid more, bringing toys, candy, food and even a record player. Businesses donated tobacco, and one offered

to put up cash bail so that the Petrows could be free while their appeal was pending. Apparently embarrassed by the show of interest, federal officials finally agreed to allow the Petrows limited freedom in the Quebec City area while their case was being decided.

Backing the Petrows in the opposition party, Quebecers, whose anti-immigration spokesman, Robert Fournier, pointed to an apparent minority in Canada's immigration laws, while the Petrows faced expulsion, Deng Van Quang, a former South Vietnamese general alleged to have trafficked in drugs, was still in Montreal despite a deportation order issued against him more than a year ago. **MALCOLM WORTH**

Invasion of the cabbage snatchers

It was enough to give pause to the most devoted lover of escargots: the invasion of the garden snails creeping across the grass. Canadian countryside devouring crops, terrorizing children, poisoning the air with garlic fumes. Actually, snails have yet to reach quite that stage. But local inspectors and horticulturalists in the fall did face a small invasion. Under federal law, European snails can be imported only frozen or in cans. But since Europe's snail people is so much larger and so much more cautious than independent Canadian snail smugglers have begun bringing in illicit live cargoes of escargots which are then sold or used to set up snail-breeding farms. In the process, some of the foreign mollusks escaped and began attacking Montrealers' gardens, where they seem especially to enjoy cabbage, broccoli, brussels sprouts and lettuce.

In a crackdown aimed at confining imported snails to the dinner table, officials at Quebec airports have seized about 330 pounds of live snails from travellers over the past three months. Ottawa is also drafting tough new regulations and warning customs men across the country to be on the lookout for continental snails in the meantime, Montrealers whose back-

yards are being ravaged by the snails are up in arms at the government for letting the snail situation get out of control in the first place. "We were warned," said a local snail investigator, "but we might be shot if we looked for traces of snails in their backyards."

JILLIAN LAMBERT



GOLD CROWN
for the man who would be king.

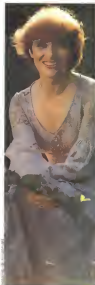
Caribbean Gold Crown rye whisky has been carefully matured and blended to bring about a

smooth, mellow, full-bodied flavour unmatched in any realm. Truly a crowning achievement.

Laughing on the outside

Moving from television commercials to her own TV series is helping Julie Amato make the best of the worst of times

By Michael Enright
and Linda Diebel



More than just another pretty face? You can bet on it! Julie Amato is a singer, dancer, actress and comedienne, all wrapped up in one package that could be called "dynamic" but is called "JULIE." It is a sophisticated, smooth and polished package of solid entertainment. It's all in the voice and a glimmer for blue jeans's extraordinary talent—it's probably hard to see.

"It's like a goldfish. You know, if you put a goldfish in a bowl, a little bowl, it will just get as big as the bowl allows him. I'm that kind of person. If you put me in a big space, I'll fill it up. I'm a space filler"—Julie Amato

If Julie Amato's name is not yet all that familiar, the face and voice most certainly are. The face—brown eyes framed by dark blond hair—adorned with a wide, toothy smile. The voice—loud, clear, and full of life. The old "Hey, Ma, Ma, Ma" is now a common occurrence, she

Amato, left, right on her Honda 2500, and center driving crooked by crooked-up artist Murray Closeport who's sold almost everything else—can she not herself?



Grand Duke. One of the world's three great vodkas.

We challenged two world famous vodkas, both premium priced, with our Grand Duke. The judges were panels of taste testers, people like you who enjoy good vodka. They tasted and voted us "Grand Duke's as smooth and light as the world's best."

Enjoy the best.



was the girl in the tv ads for *Martin* during a few years back and scores of others, including a currently missing member in which she demonstrates how you can clean your carpet in a jiffy before the guests arrive. The vote—one admirer likens it to the modern equivalent of letting "kiss water on your throat"—has been heard on numerous radio advertisements and tv voice-overs. She has also had a modest success as a television and stage actress. But it is the career to which she has dedicated tv and radio ads that has made the Vancouver performer something of a phenomenon in the Canadian media—and won her a shot at stardom.

On Tuesday, September 21, the first half-hour installment of *ALLIE* went on the prime time air to yet another television triumph in a Canadian network—in this case the privately owned CTV—to establish the sleek and costly music and comedy packages that are mounted so successfully and with such mind-bending economy south of the border. Naturally, the network believes that this time it's going to work. "In my experience," says Bill Bartley, the show's producer and co-writer "this is the first real-live, honest-to-God variety show produced in Canada. It has everything: comedy, music, production numbers, segues, and monologues... everything."

Actually *ALLIE* may turn out not to have all that much going for it, save for the star herself. The level of humor is as likely to evoke groans as laughs (sample: "Would you like the suit to dare you back?" "No, I'd rather have it photographed this time"), and the majority of the guests featured on the early installments are not exactly towering figures in the entertainment world (among them: comedian-impressionist Frank Gorshin, singer La Toya, and *Where City* is obviously passing its

hopeless *Amos*, who talks as though she fully shared the network's confidence: "I don't think I can really fail," she confesses. "Because the world is not in my life." She is an accomplished singer, actress, comedienne—most of CTV's people in account enough (though *Amos* is the first to admit that dancing in the area in which she is best performing). After starring success in tv commercials has also demonstrated that the 31-year-old actress possesses a stage presence that appears widely by the witless, knee-deep, awkward figure of self-proclaimed flamboyantly so, the mouth is wide and forthright, the eyes intelligent, conveying somehow a suggestion of both boldness and reserve.

There is a suggestion, too, of some obscure inner quality—perhaps of ambition burning with a hard, granitic flame, or possibly an inner strength born of the pain that has ravaged *Amos*'s life regularly, and recently in July, just before she was due to begin taping her show in Montreal. Dennis Hegan, the witty and well-known Canadian actor she had lived with for six years, was stricken with a fatal heart attack. There were three choices, says the well-shaken actress: "I could have lain down and died with him. I could have become catatonic, or I could carry on." In the best showbiz tradition, she chose, with difficulty, the third option. There was, she remembers, "the body shock of the whole thing, the death anxiety, the terror of having to come out of myself when I just wanted to run and hide in the wall somewhere. My body was sure it was going to

die. I just didn't care about the show or anything.... I became a little numb. I can't explain it, there are no words. I couldn't sleep. I would wake up every two hours. Nothing seemed to be what it was."

At Hegan's funeral, however, she stood and sang *Sammy Ray* in his memory. The time is 11 a.m. on an overcast day in early September. The place is the chic downtown premises of *Elaine and Corrado*, the improbably named pair of Montreal restaurateurs who supply food making for most of the city's top models. *Amos* is in town for a promotional offer that she is partly paying for herself. Her aim, and that of *Elaine and Corrado*, designer John Warlen, who does

her clothes for television, and her hairdressers—*Montréal's La Coupe*—is to hand photographs in glossy international fashion journals such as *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. Recumbent on an old-fashioned bar stool to her left, *Amos* wears a simple, elegant black, button-down dress, the new in being grained to the point of a golden hair perfection. Pearl gray powder is brushed along the lids and corners of her eyes. *Amos* suggests that she would like a "Corrado mouth" and *Elaine* goes to work, drawing and redrawing the lip line for 20 minutes. Her hair has been "crissed out, how by hair" to fall away in layers from her face. "I think I'm just a case," she jokes after seeing herself in

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Amos and Maurice Pagnon, the assistant producer of her show, flanked by two female writers Linda Shovel and Susan Poth of The Montreal Star at a press conference: the third—and the better—of it all.



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a morose. Everybody laughs, but Amato's smile is the first to fade.

She was born in Longmeadow, New York, the eldest of six children of her Polish and Italian parents, and grew up in Buffalo's south side. Her father, who died in 1973, was a trucking company dispatcher who was plagued throughout his life by varicella of the bones, but was, says Amato, "a fabulous guy. We really dug each other." Her father's affection was a source of valuable support during an often difficult childhood. At the age of 11, she contracted polio, a disease of the nervous system, and nearly died. "I was paralyzed for a year. I couldn't walk or move. That's what gave me my first insights. I feel blessed that I'm even here." Later, with both parents at work, she assumed much of the responsibility for looking after the five younger children. She speaks of the experience gratefully, but a little sadly. "I was just so lucky to have a dad that really liked me. Through all the shit that I went through, that got through to me. All the responsibilities that they put on me, they turned out to be a blessing and now I can cope with anything and still come back."

She never made a conscious decision to go into show business. "It was always a part of my life." Or at least it was from the time she was about 12, when her English teacher thrust her into a play and Amato discovered delightfully that she could make people laugh. Unlike other stage-track youngsters of that era, she never read movie magazines. But she did have a movie idol—Andy Murphy, the distinctive-sounding actor who starred in "Watch the Ladies Go By." He was Mr. Good. He never made a bad movie. He was my ideal love. I would be washing dishes and I would imagine him coming through the kitchen door and stuff like that. I just wanted to kiss him all the time in my dreams. He was this one."

She achieved an early stardom of sorts herself with an excursion into the U.S. beauty contest mill that took her to the dizzy heights of the Miss America contest. It came about more or less by accident. As a scholarship student at Housatonic College, where she studied theater arts, Amato had to take on time-consuming part-time jobs to make ends meet. Then someone suggested that she prove money in the local Taughannock Falls beauty contest would give her enough to live comfortably through her final college year. She entered and to her surprise, won, moving on to the Miss New York State competition where she was again victorious. That, in turn, led to the Miss America pageant where she was judged the most talented singer and placed eleventh overall. Looking back, she is glad that the Miss America crown did not hit. "I won't recall that way by my parents. Many of the girls in the contest were teased to be so. It's really true."

After 176 hours of shopping and consuming by Elton and Corrado, Amato is a pink



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the outgoing Jafie and the traditional door-ceremonies of Canadiana was a first experience. In the Don Mills apartment building where they lived, she was crushed to find that nobody spoke to her "because as it came to find out, Canadiana don't I was just freakin' myself out." Eventually, she realized that her neighbors were simply respecting her privacy "which never occurred to me. I was around to all the doors and introduced myself and it was fine. Finally, we got the whole floor together."

Around that time, she heard that Doris Clark, a chic talent looking offbeat, was holding auditions. The audition was a success, and launched Julie on a rapidly expanding Canadian career. She began appearing in plays and revues at Toronto's Theatre in the Dell and other local clubs. In 1970, an appearance in a late-night show called *You'd Better Believe It* at Toronto's St. Lawrence Centre caught the eye of a second studio producer who was work-



Horned Wood Duck, 1995-1996



Robert M. Anderson and Richard A. ...



[Chapter 1: Introduction](#) [Contents](#)



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Figure 1. The study area. (a) Map of the study area showing the location of the study area in the north of Iran. (b) Map of the study area showing the location of the study area in the north of Iran.



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ing on a tv controlled by a obsessive manufacturer. After that, recalls Amato "things just rolled." Soon she was working on other commercials, and popping up on just about every variety show going—the Bobby Brown Show, *Golden Dancers*, *This Is The Law*, Wayne Newton and Wayne and Shuster specials. Last year, she costarred in the moderately successful prime-time CBC soap opera, *House Of Cards*, playing the part of Louise Boydback, a frustrated Winnipeg housewife—the very antithesis of the cool and controlled real-life Amato. The secrets to her success notes a close associate, are that "she has a very good voice and a very good ear for different accents (and) her face can totally change so you're never sure who you're looking at. She's very versatile."

In the photographer's studio, a debate rages over how Amato should pose. Helen Gynopoulos, the public relations lady for La Chapelle, is searching for a "snaps" moment and wants her to look as though she were saying: Photographer Lorraine disagrees. Amato interrupts to ask if there is any "classical music to give more peace instead of the concertos in my hand." The expected arguments over fast facts versus profile shots ensue. "I want to be honest," insists the star. "I don't want that pretty, pretty Barbie American look." Lorraine arranges a pose. "This is not a natural expression I have on my face," Amato complains. "I am from here. I have fear in my eye because I can't move."

Before she agreed to do *J&B*, Amato says that she was offered stress by the CBC and Quesada's Global tv network. None was "what I wanted to do. They were pretty formal regarding where I don't fit. I have to do everything where it's offered to me." Now that she has taken the plunge, she finds herself somewhat unnerved by the implications. "All of a sudden everything is really on your hand. The responsibility of being known throughout the country, for what people are going to see in one half hour of you is overwhelming. It's terror, terror." She is also aware of the peculiar impact that performance has on others. "People dislike you. They look at you and are something you're sure you couldn't be. (But) there's no way you can convince them that you're not what they see. So you have that as your responsibility." There is, she continues, "a lady who comes to the taping of the show in Montreal. Her name is Bobby, and she just sits there and cries. I remind her of her daughter. She loves to hear me sing. She's just happy for me because I'm happy, you know and I admit it. Do you know what a wonderful day?" One early casualty of Amato's show business success was her marriage, which broke up six years ago. After that, until his death this summer, she lived with Hogen. In 1973, the two moved into Amato's own House of Cards—a 131-year-old, nine-room townhouse surrounded by an acre of land on a Scarborough hilltop. Also, Am-

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and 19-year-old son, and Regan's teenage daughter Liana, also live in the house which is decorated in a medley of styles ranging from antique elegance to modern to her spare time. Amato sometimes rides her Honda 350 motorcycle, plays the cello or reads. Myxos and science fiction are among her favorites, but she is capable of interrupting a conversation to ask whether anyone has read the latest book by the award-garnered Scottish psychiatrist R. D. Laing.

The Montreal photo session grows on us as inevitably. A young hairdresser's assistant wants to know whether Amato is ever bored. "I'm never bored. Depressed maybe, but never bored." Her secretary, Lisa Gilmour, agrees at the studio shared like a cove of the People's Republic of China, carrying



Amato posing for Vantage artist?

with her several bottles of Ribose wine and some tapes by folk-blues singer James Taylor. The tapes are played, while Amato goes to the bathroom to apply new lipstick. Later, the tape goes through a stereo to produce her making-up. Listening to James Taylor, Amato has an idea. "A lady who says like that has got to be able to do it. Wouldn't it be great to have her do the show?" No one seems to hear, perhaps because there is nobody present from CEC-TV, the Montreal city affiliate that is producing the show, along with Champlain Productions Ltd. Finally, it is nearly 10 p.m. and Amato has an idea for a final photograph. With an assistant supporting her back, she bends over backward to be photographed upside down with her hair cascading away from her face and a three-piece suit slung above.

Julie Amato is grateful for the modern studios that her sisters in Canada has bought her—"It just really got to love it here," she says—but she can be sharply

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The prince who fell from grace

The Dutch could overlook Bernhard's past, his unsavory connections, even his philandering, but his million-dollar deal with Lockheed was unforgivable

By Kevin Doyle

For Holland's merchant prince, it was a devastating end to a fair-tale career. As the Lockheed scandal, which have baffled the world for months, swept into Europe, high-flying Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands was suddenly grounded in disgrace. The Dutch royal family faced its gravest crisis since the Second World War and revelations of international espionage, shady business practices and unacceptable private behavior appeared with a regularity that severely threatened the throne.

Officially, the 65-year-old prince stood accused by a government commission of "excessive expenditure" behavior in his dealings with the financially troubled Lockheed aircraft company. Almost invisibly, the dapper husband of Queen Juliana resigned from virtually all his official posts. It meant a hefty loss of income for the German-born Allied war hero, who previously served as inspector general of the Dutch armed forces, but a trusted nation may have lost far more: some of its cherished respect for royal rectitude.

No sooner had the first shock of the royal scandal passed than the Dutch information ministry released letters that showed the Prince asked Helmut Schmidt, the West German chancellor and former defense minister, to purchase planes in 1973 produced by the Northrop Corporation. Rumors also abounded about Bernhard's taste for the high life, his extensive stock holdings and his high-rolling business connections. Published reports claim the Prince keeps a museum, named Poney, and an illegitimate child in Paris. At least three other mistresses were mentioned in the Dutch press. Said Fred Berkhout, a fellow member of Parliament: "We had a good, nice country and the royal family was the perfect household. That myth is all blown up now."

But the larger question being raised in Europe is how Bernhard's shady operations were kept quiet for so long and why it took a Senate committee in Washington, investigating something quite different, to uncover a major scandal extending over at least 20 years and involving millions of dollars. It was the Washington investigation that discovered that among the company's illegally helping to finance Richard



Queen Juliana and Bernhard: the consort who consorted with all the wrong people

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Meister, once Lockheed's man in Europe, with Bernhardt, who's a brand hot

lights to his early development and later behavior.

The Prince's parents had a small, typically German court-married marriage. His father, Prince Bernhard of Lippe, a minor and impoverished German nobleman, died in 1936. But before Bernhard was born in 1911, Colonel Paus had shown up on the scene. Bernhard's father was often abroad and the marriage evidently was one in which both parties were their own ways. When Bernhard's father died, he left an estate in which custody of the children went to Paus. He had a law, and in a letter appeared after his death, he also asked the colonel to take care of his wife. Afterward, the colonel and Bernhard's mother, Princess Armgard, were inseparable. They lived together at the Palace

Warrick in Holland near the German border. It appears certain that in 1946, shortly before the colonel—who was Bernhard's godfather—died, he and Princess Armgard were married in church. They were not, however, married by the state, a requirement in Holland for a legal marriage. Thus, the million dollars paid secretly through the Swiss bank was going to a man who had, beyond dispute, long been a kind of acting father to Bernhard. Some Dutch people speculate that the colonel is Bernhard's real father. When the constitution asked the Prince about the 1960s, presumably, he said he couldn't imagine the colonel had received so much money in such a way. The commission, however, conceded that Paus had shown he indeed got the money and that he could not have

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done so without Bernhard's knowledge. The money came from Lockheed and was in fact a commission intended indirectly for Bernhard.

Even when Bernhard had married Princess Juliana, the Dutch had some reason to regard him as an unsavory character. He had been a probationary member of the Naal de before the war. American intelligence continued to distrust him during the war and he was soon quite actively unfriendly to the plan but did not desert Princess. However, his wartime record as a pilot with the Allies and as a resistance leader overcame public reservations, and by the time Queen Wilhelmina abdicated in 1948

the Dutch were advised to welcome a new queen with a consort who represented the spirit of the resistance.

The whole notion of marrying the traditional House of Orange with someone familiar with commercial enterprise was strikingly attractive to the Dutch. The monarchy was part of their general identity which distinguished them from more upstart commercial countries like Germany and Italy. And Bernhard's business drive gave the monarchy an up-to-date forward-looking character which set Holland apart from the Dutch and very end, in a degree, to warm up to him as a whole. In 1955 he organized the theme of the annual Dikdorp

conferences which served as a meeting place for politicians, bankers and industrialists such as the Agatha, Rothschild and Rockefeller. They were held in great secrecy—no member was allowed to talk to a journalist—and they were sometimes depicted by the Left as representing a great conspiracy of international capitalists. The conferences helped to give Bernhard an almost unrivaled network of international contacts. This web was widened when in 1961 he set up the World Wildlife Fund, which included an unusual mixture of international aristocrats, scientists and anti-ecologists and activists.

Bernhard is said also to have often turned his drinking path from the European jet set with leading business figures—a combination that sometimes proved rewarding and sometimes didn't. Says a Dutch businessman: "On one bright morning I found myself on his private plane en route for Paris with the champagne already flowing freely on board. After we arrived, we went to a top hotel where more cold champagne and caviar were waiting. At 11.4 I went straight into bed and at 2 p.m. I passed out." Later adds the businessman: "I called to my PR. I like you very much, but this is not my kind of entertainment and you know it." The Prince replied: "My friend I made a little mistake. I'm sorry, it won't happen again."

It was as early as 1958, soon after his wife became queen, according to the commission report, that Bernhard first began having "occasionally friendly contacts" with Robert Gross, vice chairman of Lockheed in California and later one of the founders of the Wildlife Fund. Lockheed had been near bankruptcy in the 1950s, had done well during the war but was again in a precarious position in the early 1960s, faced with severe competition from Douglas and Boeing. The company pinned its hopes on selling military aircraft to Western Europe, particularly a new supersonic jet, the Starfighter. Whether the Lockheed was interested in selling these sales is doubtful but Gross clearly believed the Prince was an indispensable ally and he added two more Dutchmen: Fred Messer and Hans Garmann, as European agents. All three men had been involved in the wartime resistance and also, as is believed, with persons of intelligence. Gross had connections with Allen Dulles and the CIA.

Between 1959 and 1960, the report says, Lockheed considered presenting the Prince with a joint aircraft as a form of commission for sales of the Starfighter in West Germany. When the company abandoned the idea because of "technical difficulties," Messer suggested Lockheed should instead pay Bernhard one million dollars, which was duly given to the erstwhile Colonel Reinhardt. The payment encouraged Lockheed to make further approaches to Bernhard, and in 1965 and 1966 when there was the prospect of another important sale of the company's



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Once reconnaissance plane to Europe, officials of the firm again offered the Prince a large sum which, the report says, "had all the features of bribery." Bernini refused on the grounds he could not deliver what was being asked of him, but in a report kept there was no hint from him that his offer was unaccepted. Some time later, Lockheed officials offered Bernini \$100,000 in connection with sale of Trident aircraft. Later, according to the report, a cheque for \$300,000 was sent to a Swiss bank in the name of Victor Baum—Baum being the name of the town near the Dutch royal palace. The cheque was cashed, but the Prince says he didn't receive the money.

The most disturbing part of the report covers the Prince's activities in the early 1970s when he seems to have been in pressing need of money. In 1974, it looked as though the Oniz side was assured, and Bernini sent crude hand-written letters to his English-born son Roger Smith then Lockheed's general counsel, requesting between four million and six million dollars to his commission on the \$200-million sale. Lockheed sent an agent to the palace to negotiate and a contract for \$1.5 million was agreed upon. Eventually, the Dutch government decided against buying the Oniz, and the commission was never paid. But a still more intriguing aspect of Bernini's operations at the time emerges from documents released in Washington by the Senate committee which indicate that Lockheed's biggest deal in Europe, Northrop, also had easy access to the Prince. To nobody's surprise, the implication that Bernini was a "double agent" has outraged Lockheed.

Money would seem to be the last thing Bernini needed. The wealth of the House of Grasse is believed to be about \$600 million and the Prince is paid \$300,000 a year by the Dutch government. But he was penniless when he married Juliana, and certainly as the Dutch court says that in the 1960s he was nearly stripped for cash, perhaps because of extravagant commitments or blackmail. He was also king on a short leash by the final Queen. By 1966, however—four years after the fall of the one-million-dollar Lockheed payoffs, was made—Bernini had apparently amassed a considerable private fortune which included by one account \$12 million worth of stock in Standard Oil of New Jersey now Exxon. There were persistent reports that Bernini had slipped off the Queen's leash in other respects as well. Government officials described him as a man of the world with a keen eye for beautiful women. He was said to have used his frequent travels all over the world as an opportunity for indulging his sophisticated tastes. Dutch diplomats complained that he often appeared at their embassies uninvited, carrying painted lists of his favorite food and beverages and ordering up co-winegusts (unofficial parties).

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the Prince had trouble digging the elaborate arching that went into his collection of payments from aircraft companies. The Lockheed case, according to the coroners' report, was exceptionally complex. When Winston, a Dutch associate of Bernhardt's friend Menner, was the report says, ended to serve as a go-between for the Prince. Lockheed officials reported that the one-million-dollar payoff on Bernhardt's instructions, was channeled through Winston to Colonel Van Schooten. The colonel met Winston at the Hotel Dolder in Zurich on October 3, 1960 and gave details of how the sums of money were to be paid. The Senate investigating committee in Washington reported that "Winston's friend presented himself at the agreed time and gave him a bundle over a slip of paper bearing his name and the number of a bank account." Exactly what happened to the one million dollars Lockheed then apparently sent for Bernhardt's use remains unclear. There are two theories as to the money. One is that the funds went into the Prince's personal accounts under an assumed name. The second is that most of it may have ended up in the hands of the middlemen.

Whatever the truth about Bernhardt's business dealings and private life, the uproar over the Lockheed affair was the worst but by no means the first controversy to buffet the House of Orange. Juliana's youngest child, Princess Maria Christina (nicknamed Marjolijn) was born almost completely blind after her mother contracted German measles during pregnancy. In an effort to relieve her own grief and to help her daughter, Juliana turned in the late 1940s to a Karpis-like faith healer, a strong-willed middle-aged woman named Cécile Hofmann. Mrs. Hofmann could do nothing to help Marjolijn but she gained an almost hypnotic power over the Queen by the mid-1950s. The Queen was refusing to sign bills that Mrs. Hofmann disliked. Relations between Juliana and Bernhardt became severely strained and finally, after the intervention of the Dutch government, Mrs. Hofmann was sent packing. The royal marriage remained intact, but tension in Holland say that whatever warmth the relationship had was destroyed.

Another of the royal daughters, Princess Irene, caused a storm when she decided to marry Prince Carlos Hugo de Borbon y Parma, a minor pretender to the Spanish throne. The Netherlands, which fought a bitter war for independence from Spain, was shocked. The royal family opposed the wedding and Irene was compelled to renounce her rights to the throne. Less than a year later, Crown Princess Beatrix touched off another storm by marrying a Dutch Catholic who had been a member of the Hitler Youth and of a Nazi Pioneer Division during the Second World War. It was only after the prince asked Queen-Grandmother Queen Wilhelmina that she was well suited to a princely

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there. "Bernhard tried to push this Voice into my lap. He said 'This is a great man, he is going to clean up this. You should give him an office at your bank.' I said 'Your Moral Highness I do not even want to talk to this crook.'" Bernhard's efforts were undisturbed, however, and Vantage Value Capital Services got its American office.

Recently, with his cancer collapsing in on him, the Prince was sought out by a reporter who asked him to say four words about the scandal. It is not true. "I cannot say that," answered Bernhard. "I will not say it. I am standing above such things." He walked away looking disgruntled, a tired and heavy old man. ☐

Passing the bucks

Nearly 40 large American corporations have been accused of paying bribes or questionable commissions to win contracts overseas. Ten of the biggest admitted spenders are: Ashland Oil Inc., Burlington Corporation, Exxon Corporation, Gulf Oil Corporation, Lockheed McDonnell Douglas Corporation, Merck & Company Inc., Northrop Corporation, G. D. Searle & Company, United Brands Company.

Northerland has acknowledged paying more than \$300,000 to foreign officials, including \$150,000 to Albert Bernard Bangs, president of Galson, to retain refining and mineral rights. Burlington officials say up to \$1.5 million in company funds may have been used to make improper payments to agents of foreign governments. Exxon says it paid \$740,000 to government officials and other individuals in three countries. Exxon also admits its Italian subsidiary made \$27 million in covert, although legal, contributions to seven Italian political parties. Gulf paid four million dollars to South Korea in a ruling political party and gave \$450,000 to Bolivian officials for oil rights.

Lockheed gave at least \$200 million in payments of various kinds to officials in the Netherlands, Italy, Japan, Turkey and other countries. Heavily \$22 million of this was in outright bribes, according to company officials. McDonnell Douglas paid \$2.5 million in commissions and fees to foreign government officials between 1970 and 1975. Merck paid three million dollars in commission-like payments to officials of foreign governments between 1969 and 1975. Northrop has partially acknowledged a charge by the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission that it handed out \$30 million in bribes and commissions to government agents or officials in Holland, Iran, France, West Germany, Saudi Arabia, Brazil, Malaysia and Taiwan. Searle paid \$1.5 million to foreign government employees and United Brands has acknowledged a \$1.25 million bribe to Honduran officials for a reduction in the banana export tax. Another \$750,000 was paid to European officials

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Stalking the boy wonder

Everything Maurice Strong has touched has turned to gold, at least according to the legend

By Peter Brimelow

With his short, stocky build, high cheek bones and strangely drawn eyes, Maurice Strong chairman of Petro-Canada, looks like a blue-eyed assassin as he chairs out of his office cheerfully ready to cut down anyone who might be questioning the untold but discreet elegance of his oil company-owned company's Calgary headquarters. Slink! The paintings and native masks on the walls are merely borrowed from the Devonian collection. Slink! The light and subtle decor was done voluntarily by a "Swedish version lady." "A friend?" inquires the enigmatic former Strong passes for a second, second opinion. "A friend of Petro-Canada's," he says diplomatically.

The episode says a lot about Maurice Frederick Strong. In person modest and severe, he exudes a hint of the authority that has led to speculation he might be the next leader of the Liberal Party. As if he perhaps Canada's leading example in part of the new class of capital-hungry international administrators he used to talk about in the United Nations days, but also of the native breed of entrepreneurs, operating equally ably in business and government. Again from his desk in a charming, his modest people," says one student of his administrative methods—He is usually seen to enter Petro-Canada is not popular in Calgary. Only petrobras from other tenants possessed a strong in red brick headquarters building after itself. Now a local business refers to it as "Red Square." Strong knows perfectly well that the city's tight-knit oil community is watching hungrily for evidence of extravagance, and he is far too clever to allow it to appear in the corporate opulence of the head office. But he can't resist a little romantic overkill, with the result that the visitor now has two versions of Petro-Canada decor: either windows by a Calgary interior design company or by Maurice Strong's favorite, whom he plans to marry

once his divorce from his wife of 26 years is complete.

Petro-Canada—Strong dislikes the common abbreviation "Petrolcan"—is a fruit of the marriage between the formerly Liberal government and the New Democratic Party after the 1972 election. It was originally intended to be an all-Canadian state-owned integrated oil company (an integrated company is one involved in all phases of the business, from drilling to consumer sales). The state integrated oil companies in Canada, such as Imperial Oil Ltd. and Shell Canada Ltd., are all effectively owned by foreign corporations. Ottawa also intends to use Petro-Canada to boost the search for domestic oil, which has been dropping in recent years, partly because federal-provincial quarrelling about tax shares left the companies feeling uncertain and exploited, and partly because the results of the last 40 years' exploration have been so appalling.

But the idea of responsibility for Petro-Canada has tended to shift with circumstance. There are still those who believe it will be used ultimately to swallow up in one gulp an entire integrated oil company. Perhaps even Imperial Oil. Others believe it may function at its subtlest the various Third World countries now in possession of most of the world's proven oil reserves, who characteristically go for deals with state-owned companies. Actually, there are hints in what Petro-Canada can do, even with its proposed \$1.5 billion capitalization. The oil giants estimate Petro-Canada's \$100 million 1976 exploration budget, for example, is only 10% of what the whole industry will spend, one well in the Blackfoot Sea could cost up to \$45 million.

Strong's own interpretation of its role to date has been to attempt a variety of exploration ventures or "plays" in the industry calls them, true or no possibility remains, to achieve any reliance on marketing, and in 1976 has lost about \$225 million most of the Canadian assets of Atlantic Richfield Co. reportedly much to the Los Angeles corporation's delight. Atlantic Richfield

Strong: Business is business—he is private, the government's or the world's

give Petro-Canada cash flow (oil and gas properties and a segment of provincial-owned energy) mainly in exploration but it added nothing new to the overall Canadian economy, as its critics were quick to point out. Something about the way Strong has run things has aroused someone in Ottawa, because in July of this year the report was leaked to the *Catbridge Press*. (The Strong was being "replaced" as Petro-Canada's chief executive. In fact it was always intended that he would give up the presidency, which he combined with the chairmanship, as soon as the operation was underway. But reports continue to suggest that it happened more abruptly than he would have liked. "Those Petro-Canada people couldn't carry on without a full-time president," says an Ottawa observer, alluding to Strong's little-known private business interests.)

Strong's interest has been so astounding that nothing he does in this post is likely to surprise anyone. According to admiring versions of his life which have appeared in publications as varied as *Weekend Magazine* and *The New Yorker*, he was born in the Prairie town of Oak Lake, Manitoba, the eldest of four children in 1928. His father was unemployed, and the family lived in poverty. In 1943, his senior year in high school, he attempted to enlist, then spent some time as a cabin boy on the Great Lakes and, according to some accounts, on the Pacific. He still managed to graduate

early, and for at least a year served as an apprentice for timber with the Hudson's Bay Company in Chislehurst, Intel. Through persistence he met there he got involved in the promotion of a mining company called New Horizons Exploration Ltd. in Toronto. In 1947, "an influential friend" got him a menial job at the United Nations, then significantly still in Lake Success in New York State. In 1948, he joined James Richardson & Sons, the Winnipeg stockbrokers. Security analysis, the art of guessing a company's earnings and its stock market performance was then in its infancy. However, Richardson's, although a family-owned firm and according to Strong somewhat shy about it, was remarkably innovative in the field. Strong began to follow the oil stocks, which were just beginning to jump following Imperial Oil's famous discovery in Leduc, Alberta. In 1951, he joined one of the most promising exploration companies, Dome Petroleum Ltd. (It seems to have been the first job he got without being asked for it) and stayed there, except for a two-year trip to Africa until 1959 when he formed his own consulting firm and reorganized and developed Canadian Industrial Gas & Oil Ltd. (now Norcan Energy Resources Ltd.). In 1962, he joined Power Corporation of Canada Ltd., the giant old-line Montreal-based holding company, becoming president two years later. He was 35. It was an unrepeatable corporate pathos. Then

in 1966, he quite unexpectedly transferred into government as head of the Canadian foreign aid program, later rebranded the Canadian International Development Agency. In 1971, he went international, becoming United Nations Under-Secretary General with responsibility for the environment and head of the Muscle-based United Nations Environment Program. Finally, in October 1973, he returned to Canada to take over Petro-Canada, which had just emerged from a bitter two-year fight in parliament, opposed by the Tories because its powers were too sweeping and by the New Democrats because it didn't give control of the operations of the U.S. oil companies.

Thirty years of boom (more or less) has attracted a diverse and colorful community of oilmen in Calgary. Its members have the confidence that comes with being at the centre of dynamic activity, a vantage point from which the rest of Canada appears provincial and unimportant. What seems large in their mental universe are oilfields and exploration camps from the Gulf to the west end of the oil fields in the Canadian North. ("They've never been there, they don't know how big it is," says one conclusively into his beer, discussing the strange breed of environmentalists who inhabit central Canada.) Everyone knows much about—and has for years. Knowledge, in fact, is a valuable commodity, until recently "oil assets" flourished, resulting

Guess how much they cost

Most people think good diamond jewellery costs much more than it does. How about you? See if you can

guess the prices of the sixteen pieces below. Then check your answers at the bottom of the page. (No peeking.)

A. Three two diamonds in a pair.		C. Three diamonds in matching earrings.	
B. Three diamonds in matching.		D. One's square of two diamonds.	
E. Three diamonds in a pair of necklaces.		F. Three diamonds in matching earrings and pendants.	
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A black and white photograph of a bottle of P & T Royal Command 8&18 Canadian Whisky. The bottle is dark with a prominent label. The neck of the bottle has a gold band with 'P & T' in black. The main label features a crown at the top, followed by 'P & T', 'FUS & TILFORD', 'ROYAL COMMAND', '8&18', 'ESTD 1882', and 'CANADIAN WHISKY'. To the right of the bottle is a glass filled with whisky and ice cubes. The background is dark and moody.

Our unique blend of
and 18 year old Canadian whiskies adds
to a flavour and taste that's unequalled.
And that sums it up.

Calgary's oilman friend Strong straggled with the incalculable amassment of a fortune crowd watching one of their number who has recently taken to the flying man. One testimony in the daily all-out competition for the prize was the appearance of newspaper clippings about him over which its evaluators pore with increased delight pointing out to a viewer the apparent inconsistencies in the public record. Even apart from his hypersonic acceleration in wealth, Strong had been making money by having turned \$50,000 a year at Dome when he won it, and to have risen to be the company second-in-command, both facts are disputed by people who were there although they continue to turn up as background information in the book. In 1971, Strong was quoted as saying "I'm not a millionaire," yet the Phillips & McDowell inventory he had forfeited a \$200,000 salary and \$250,000 in unsecured loans when he left Power Corporation to enter government service. This is ignored by Thorpe. Thornton, who had been a partner in the firm, says that after the departure of Strong from Power to write an oil letter pointing out among other things that Strong had been earning per year \$25,000 when he left and had taken full advantage of his stock options, which the board of directors had approved, that "it was a damn good talk, quite right, it's easy to understand him—see if his partners suggest helpfully. Phillips has no doubt he heard Strong correctly, but interestingly enough regards it as important in the context of his own life." The book ends with a wounding all the US. Strong has always had a good press. "For several sought personal publicity," he says. "For I've noticed [in press releases] don't say 'Maurice Strong' or 'Mr. Strong.'" But he has a pack of notes of letters and articles, some of them in *The New Yorker*, which bear by suggestion that upon Strong depended "the survival of civilization in something like its present form," concluded by speculating solemnly that after the US "he may spend a year at two in contemplation of the

As always, he is most kind and most warmly welcoming. His intellect is brilliant. The technical assistance of some of his early work is still remembered. He appears to have the distinction of being one of the few people ever to learn French successfully while in the civil service. But beyond this, Sirving has a rare and uncommon gift of tongue. It has served him equally well in the courts, in the press, in the public and in the private. He is a great talker, and a great listener. He has been in the public eye where he has happened into firms and the companies and money fields just as each moved into the public eye. The business community by and large takes a tolerant view of him. The investors particularly share his education, the company men and the money men, the bankers, the



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increased spontaneity at a time and under duress of corporate buyback, all are accepted. "After all, we might be partners with him tomorrow." Strong, they add, is also unadvisable and he can be loyal—allegedly a factor in some Franco-Canadian agreements. It's in Ontario where perhaps a greater self-censor is possible: that you hear disillusioned complaints about Strong's voracious ego, a refusal to delegate or build up an administrative machine and his lack of fundamental philosophy—"a career secretary."

Actually, Strong's philosophy has been pretty consistent, if shamefully naive. He has been saying for years that "it is no longer feasible or even desirable for us to adhere to the old-fashioned doctrinaire approach to free enterprise." He has remarked that the Depression left him "frankly very radical" and he now seems to equate the Third World with the unemployed of the Thirties. He has lenient faith, as a consequence, in the efficacy of education and of an unvarnished transfer of wealth from the advanced to the less advanced countries to be administered by an international authority and yet more laissez-faire international bureaucrats. Because he employs the familiar rhetorical devices of identifying and agreeing with the obvious content of his argument ("World government is neither feasible nor necessary. But a world system of governance is indispensable") it is hard to tell if the realism of his remarks explains all of his position. Likewise, his advocacy of a "managed society" for Canada with planning at all levels to be demonstrated by "internationalizing vehicles" such as the bigger Commission, a hard to reconcile with dissent. It's the sort of elite corporate liberalism associated with the Rockefeller Foundation, Strong is a Rockefeller Foundation trustee. He is also particularly interested in the process of decision making in Russia, and speculates that it may be easier to "break up" the Soviet system than to move the West in the opposite direction. Curiously, Strong's remarkable knack of making and using personal contacts would be material in such a society, but less harmony with control is needed. It is hard to detect any reasoning values in his noncommittal Christianity, which appears to center on the virtue where he met Harold Rex, now chairman of Great Canadian Oil Sands Ltd., who introduced him to Power Corporation, and Bill Tarmann, who became one of his lieutenants at Power and more recently president of Consolidated-Bathurst Ltd.

The employee of Canadian Oil Corporation rose to their feet and applauded Harold Rex when in August 1982, he secured them over a telephone hookup looking Montreal, Paris, Monaco, Winnipeg and Calgary that as president he and his board intended to fight a take-over offer from Shell Oil Co. of Canada. For nearly 30 years, Rex had been building the only Canadian-owned integrated oil company

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"Big Brother."

He had brought expensive Canadian-made oil into his treasury at an additional cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars solely to provide the oil to the nation's navy, he says. He operated on. Now Canadian Oil was fighting for its life.

The Shell had come three weeks after Maurice Strong became executive vice president of Petro-Canada. Real was sure of his board because it held 20% of his company's stock. Because the rest of the stock was spread so thinly among more than 12,000 individual shareholders than 20% was enough to give Petro-Canada control. So when Strong accepted the offer Shell won and merged Canadian Oil into its own operation. Real, who regards Power's decision as the blow that ended the career of Canada's "natural person," also says that "Maurice was in an awful position." The deal dramatically increased the value of Power's stock, in which Strong and the other directors had options. Strong maintains Shell would have been anyway (although contemporary pressings all told the Power bid as crucial) and that there would have been hell with a merger, in any event, which would have been known from an investment standpoint, the deal made a lot of sense: integrated oil stocks were headed into one of their peak periods. In one of the earlier moments of Canadian business history, Strong found himself involved in dismantling not only the man who had introduced him to Power Corporation, but also the company—the absence of which he would later return to Canada, and that to reality.

Strong's record at Power has attracted various notices. His position there was awkward because the controlling shareholder was Peter Thomson, born to the brokerage house, Neill, Brown, Thomson, and they put the company together to incorporate some hydro companies, although the majority of the other directors apparently kept him at bay. There was so much friction between them that Strong eventually attempted to flee as a means of saving himself.

Before he arrived, some of Power's early holdings had been expropriated and Strong's basic task was redefining the process. His strategy was to use at least one source and to use a Canadian industry. According to one account, "the value of [Power's] shares rose from \$42 to \$119 and to assets increased to nearly \$300 million" under his stewardship. Both of these figures must be seen in the context of the long stock market boom of the period. There were setbacks. Power was deflected when it offered to buy control of the equally named McIntyre Petroleum Mines Ltd., which had powerful allies in the shape of Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce and National Trust Company. However, Strong says that Power made money on its stock position. When John Labatt Limited was taken over by J. G. Skelly & Co. of Milwaukee, Power heavily attempted to control the far-flung Labatt chain and rely on

insurance. But Power's executives were apparently divided, and Strong now says he was never interested. "I don't like profitability, but I don't like people to do things that are bad for them."

Power Corporation ran into trouble as soon as Strong left. By late 1967, the stock was less than half the 1966 peak, and by 1968 the new management was selling off some of Power's earlier approving acquisitions for cash to pay the dividend. One major problem in Power's former product investment is a predecessor of today's Consolidated Bathurst. There seems to be a consensus that Power was unfairly not allowed long enough to take planned and significant changes. Ultimately Paul Desmarais took over Power and eliminated many of the further-flung holdings in a program of rationalization.

"I always know me," Strong told The New Yorker. "To read of the alleged mistakes that men make when they go into public service. The real sacrifice are made by those who go straight into public service from high school and who, unlike me, never get educated to become very useful." This puts a rather modest value on Strong's business activities while in public service. Apart from an investment in the Ontario Rough Riders, which enabled him to make piles of free tickets, he became very active in real estate, in collaboration with the group that eventually went public in 1968, at the height of the real estate boom, as Y & R Properties Ltd. Currently his main vehicle seems to be Sincan Investments Ltd. His partner is Paul Hadden, son, 40, whose father was president of the Famous Players Canadian Corp. and who himself developed the Odette Theatres chain. Nathanson is said to be in poor health, and his avoided publicity at his old except during the war, when he was treasurer of the Canadian-Soviet Friendship Committee. Recently Strong told an interviewer that he was working on two "billion dollar deals," but Strong's most obvious move has been to acquire a holding in Commerce Capital Corp., which has real estate interests and controls Farmers & Merchants Trust Co. of Calgary (total assets are \$315 million). Strong and Nathanson were involved in the company's recent merger with another company, First Martin and his son, who is president of Canada Steamship Lines Ltd., a Power Corporation subsidiary, William Tinson, now president of Canada Mortgage and Housing, and Jack Martin, ex-president secretary to Pierre Trudeau and former deputy minister for energy (Paradoxically, the appointment of Austin to the Senate was a reason the creation of Petro-Canada appeared to stall late last year. Austin had done much of the preliminary work and was comparing to be the first president, but his contribution was lost when the three energy ministers, Donald Mitchell, stipulated that industry experience was required.)

So there he sits on the other side of a

light colored, Petro-Canada's conference table, eyes wide with curiosity as downtown in judicious consideration of a question's point, displaying an earnest eloquence on a remarkably wide range of subjects. As the premises of debate mature, Strong's answers are punctuated by almost audible gasps, as if of physical effort—the savanna wailing a heavy sword. The friendly chairman, the promising gaze and the helpful willingness to restate a question's premise, to start back and might think themselves in agreement almost convincing. "I try to look at myself objectively," says Strong. But it is hard not to sense a certain inner drive some past words that impels him to subscribe, apparently generously, to the vision. Third World dialogue around at the United Nations, even to making a speech congratulating the oil producing nations on the generosity of their foreign aid. "I'm a sucker in ideology, a capitalist in methodology," Strong remarks. "That's an oversimplification of course."

It seems unlikely that Petro-Canada can hold Strong much longer. He has already said that he intends to spend his last time on his private investments and Petro-Canada now president. Wilbert Hall's (Petro-Canada's second-generation Ottawa, made no such one consultant, makes it clear he will run the operation. The corporation will probably continue its policy of doing more with which oil companies are disfavoured, such as the West Coast and the Arctic Islands, which is not in petrochemicals. The search for oil is an art where man's technical resources are used and Bloppe emphasizes that Petro-Canada's doing is supposed to be an addition to that undertaken by industry. He expects completely the industry's orientation, so to allow the oil companies to return more profit. That would pose benefit current producers, he says, who might well refuse to explore. The oil cost prices in the Strong, and were warmly hopeful that his optimism might prove a source of new, long-term capital, a learning experience for the government, as there is a guarantee that prices must be allowed up to subsidize what they consider uneconomical will be the state organization's sustainable and thereby. But they are not sanguine with Bloppe's change in the role that Petro-Canada can assume in without compensation when any highly-subsidized drilling area comes up for permit renewal. There are options, both demand, that notion of the Atlantic Richfield requirement are demoralized.

Strong remains an optimist. He is currently convinced that now is the time to return from the wilderness and find the Liberal Party back into the premiership. He has been confident and elected victory, assuming the Prime Minister is agreeable. But he could have entered politics years ago (he's been married by the Tories too for that matter). He looks so much like a mismatched bank clerk, his public speak-

ing is poor, his ideas unoriginal, his style personal. And there is the suspicion that he was happier gambling in the auctioneer's pen he got on a motherhood issue like the environment. A return to some form of international aid service is possible. Perhaps he will settle for just being a disengaged Neapolitan. There are predictions he will set up an international merchant bank, perhaps speculating in foreign government and finance. He has both the qualifications and the reasons to do it, and the international aid delights him. Perhaps at the heart of all the new ideas, the changing of jobs, the constant tinkering, lies a secret, wild love of variety and change for its own sake.

"He's the most premeditated man I've ever known," says one colleague, "but I don't think even Maurice knows what he wants to do ultimately. You remember that book *Power Is The Spur*? Maybe he wants to be God—he's already worked on that."

"Maurice Strong," repeats another thoughtfully. "Well, he's not as great as he's made out to be—but he's not as bad either."

Strong stands in the door. The interview has continued to a crowded morning, but he shows no impatience. He moves on, his improving control of his temper ("I don't think anything can hurt me now," he says)



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The World

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And sitting in his comfortable Buenos Aires office with a pleasant view of the graceful, tree-shaded Plaza is a gentle, highly skilled Argentine administrator whose job among other things, is to explain these violent concerns reassuringly to the rest of the world. Carlos Menem, who is in charge of Argentina's modernizing two billion dollar nuclear power program, the success of which depends in large part on convincing loans to supplier countries such as Canada about the possible misuse of the new technology to build atomic bombs. Adding to Menem's formidable task is the fact that, while Argentines watch with a combination of awe,

and unease, their northern neighbor Brazil transforms itself into an American super power. The Brazilians recently completed a deal with West Germany that will give them the technological potential to make nuclear explosives as well should the Brazilian government decide to do so. If that happened, it is generally assumed the pressure on Argentina to take similar action would be immense.

To those who may wonder whether these considerations make it prudent to supply reactors to Argentina, Menem responds bluntly: "Argentina is a peaceful country. We haven't had a war for 100 years." Listening to him, it becomes difficult indeed to believe the country has any intentions other than getting on with the job of developing its resources to the full through the peaceful use of nuclear energy. And yet to many the internal disorder, the violence, the possibility of nuclear material falling into hostile hands is still disabling. Menem's contention that Argentina has not become a war for a century is accurate in a factual sense. But Argentina to all appearances is a country at war with itself, a murderous, undisciplined civil war the only strategic purpose of which seems to be annihilation.

In a continent full of with struggling human republics and the vestiges of 19th-century colonialism, Argentina has always seemed to belong to another world. When

The Argentine army at work, guerrilla-hunters: host first, shoot second



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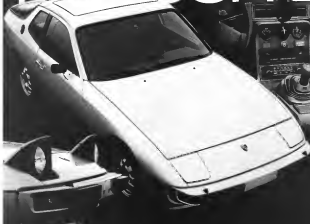
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Which it does.

The 924 doesn't look like any other Porsche, but once again, the reason is function. To reduce wind resistance to a minimum. A trait shared with all thoroughbred Porsches, past and present. In terms of handling and suspension, the 924 is also pure Porsche. Exhilarating, light and precise. All you'd expect. As is the transmission and braking system. Ditto for its appointments, including AM FM

stereo radio, tape deck, a personal mixer for recording, quartz clock, tinted glass, mag wheels, a rear window wiper and even headlight washers.

The 924 is not inexpensive, but it's a lot less than you might expect. Perhaps another slight departure for Porsche, but again, certainly not an unpleasant one.

THE 924

September 3, 1793

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Four of the 700-odd Argentines publicly murdered this year 'a peaceful country'

of immigrants from Italy, France and Germany came to farm an enormously rich, empty country that equaled nearly one third of the land area of Europe. But as Argentine society developed there was always something about it that seemed to prevent it from maturing completely, from ever quite moving into the civilized world of shabby respect and true civility. Buenos Aires became a becoming metropolis, yet in the view of many it was left stranded in a vast, empty land that offered no feeling of community or continuity. Midnight assassins in the shadow of skyscrapers and machine-gunned bodies in the streets may be at least partly an extension of a disrupted, bloodthirsty adolescence. But who are the people behind this bloody self-destruction, who may believe capable of making a nuclear explosive if they could obtain the needed material from a reactor? At least two of the more active groups are on the radical left, calling themselves the Montoneros and the People's Revolutionary Army (ERP) and claiming to represent the people's desire of the late president Juan Peron. Countering them are right-wing paramilitary death squads, many of whose members are police. So far both sides have been successful in achieving at least one common aim: to spread palpable terror and insecurity throughout the population.

The daily lives of most Argentines have been scarred by the on-and-off. Says one foreigner who has lived in Buenos Aires for 16 years: "You run into the fear all the time. Even when there's no logical reason for it."

There is also the question of whether Brazil may decide to build a bomb and be doing so to force Argentines for peace and strategic reasons to follow suit. Brazil's steady advance in nuclear technology goes a long way toward explaining Argentina's

anxiety to get its own reactors on stream. For both countries, nuclear technology is a source of pride, unity and status within the continent. Argentine officials insist that nuclear state has the money to develop bombs and say it is ridiculous even to imagine a time when there will be the two biggest countries in South America.

Says Madrid: "We are dead in technology only." He also adds he has nothing against safeguards to prevent nuclear proliferation. "But I don't want to see them affect peaceful development."

But the terrorist group persists and unless they can be eradicated or firmly controlled the nightmare possibility will remain that one day they may add nuclear material to their already well-stocked and deadly arsenal.

STEPHEN HANDELMAN

WEST GERMANY

Loose lips sink Schmidt

Tearing Bonn's modernistic new chancellery building last summer, West German leader Helmut Schmidt passed in front of his sparkling private bank and broke into a Cheshire cat smile. Helmut Kohl, he declared confidently, "can never be chancellor. The tab's too small." At the time, he probably could have thought of far more substantial reasons, as well, why the socialist, four-ack Kohl, who leads a coalition of West Germany's opposition conservative parties, would never succeed the chancellor's office.

But that was several months ago and in the days just before the country's October 3 general election, Kohl shot down as easily to within two percentage points of overthrowing Schmidt in popular opinion polls. At the end of a tough, sometimes abusive six weeks of campaigning, Schmidt, the hard-core, classic European dynamo, was

forced into a somewhat painful last-minute plea for support. The surprise post-September upset of Sweden's Social Democrats at the hands of a conservative coalition (see page 52) did nothing to ease his concern. The 57-year-old chancellor and the left-center government he heads inspired West Germany's 40 million citizens to "vote with your head. But don't forget that the heart has a little to do with the vote."

On the surface, there was little in Schmidt's record to explain his apparent decline in popularity. During his 16 months in office, the dashing chancellor made himself the dominant political figure in Western Europe. Widely credited with having steered West Germany through the recession he far out any other industrial country, Schmidt stood at the head of one of the world's most prosperous nations. The cost of living increase in West Germany so far this year is 4.6%, lowest in Western Europe except for Switzerland. Unemployment was an enviable 4.1%.



Schmidt: the jaws of defeat personified?

West Germany also enjoyed one of the healthiest trade balances, strongest currencies and largest foreign reserve balances on the continent.

These advances, plus Schmidt's own towering stature as a political leader, made the odds of his governing Bonn's Democratic and Christian parties, the Free Democratic Party, all the more daunting. Adding to the bitterness was the bland, unimpassioned style of Kohl, who although he stamped the country ardently, rarely rose above the unimpassioned boredom of his speeches. His Christian Democratic Party and sister party in Bavaria, the Christian Social Union headed by ultra-conservative Franz-Josef Strauss, considered the basic choice for voters was "free dogs or no dogs." Schmidt, who is firmly in the center of the political spectrum, insisted in his last speech that he was "free both as a politician and as a man."

But a string of more serious concerns seemed to be working together to make the

Too much too long

His hands are grained and blistered, he says he thinks best on his tractor and he looks more at home in a potato patch than in a legislative hall in September, 50-year-old Thorsten Faldén became Europe's most vocal political wonder, leading a coalition of moderate and conservative parties to a decisive electoral victory in traditionally socialist Sweden. For the first time in 44 years, the Social Democrats were out of government. Conservatives won the victory all over the world, "said a bitterly disappointed Olof Palme, the defeated prime minister. The vote left Sweden a socialist-pariah with 180 seats against 199 for the Social Democrats and Communists.

Opposite to Palme is a plan for large-scale expansion of Sweden's nuclear power industry and to growing inefficiency of government bureaucracy were considered factors contributing to the electoral defeat. But the conservatives seemed to be that the overriding reason for his defeat was that the Social Democrats, having viciously attacked poverty and created a showcase for socialism here, in the process, laid the stage for their own defeat. The party had alienated many people who disapproved and resented that they were unwilling to permit any tax-



Palmer: a matter of running on the spot

their social reforms because of the additional taxes needed to pay for them. Said one Swedish newspaper editor, it was obvious the government was being pushed by the trade unions to take a far more radical course. "This frightened people. We're not used to all these new heavy course pieces. We don't want radical steps

more. Gustafsson gave minister Jacques Chirac, who was imprisoned in Bonn and received an apologetic explanation. "Joly Schmidt told a Washington audience that if the Communists gained power in Italy, the West would cut off aid to the Italian government. The French Communist press immediately dubbed him a "regional grandeur," the sort of arrogant egotism rampant in Europe. There wasn't a correct French response to Schmidt's call for European pride in what his platform calls "model Germany." The French reaction seemed to be a declaration of military and unambiguously in the French. Heir to the day. The mutual criticism demonstrated a phenomenon that is relatively new to Western Europe: as the European Common Market moves slowly and hesitantly toward political union, the meeting point is not inevitably between European policies—something that Schmidt may not have counted on when he planned his campaign.

The distress of the race was taken as a personal affront by the character "Mr. Faldén" understood how the people would be so confident and an aide. The absence of major issues to be debated turned the campaign largely into a personality contest. And, although Schmidt has a genuinely attractive side, he is also seen by many West Germans as a fairly handsome, well-dressed, only 40-year-old, young man, posing only for a lunchtime bowl of vegetable soup in his dress. Schmidt presented a traditionalist image of wealth and respectability

with those he considers to be lesser mortals or outsiders. Recently, for example, he invited bankers with the comment that Italian Army tanks have "not yet forward and drive in reverse." He is equally cautious in his dealings with political opponents and is hampered by an inability to mingle easily with crowds. Says one of his assistants, "After a speech I have to force him to go down and mix with the people." And another said: "He's needed but he's not loved."

Capitalism on Schmidt's doorstep, Kohl cultivated a strikingly different image, the perceived honest as an open man who, although he is a poor speaker and lacks charisma, enjoys crowds, likes being behind and is concerned to the detriment of privacy and love. His position, more pronounced than that of Schmidt, seemed to strike a responsive chord among conservative West Germans who are concerned about an increase in border incidents with East Germany and impatient with the Social Democrats' policy of affairs with the East. Schmidt strove to counterattack by consistently portraying himself as an underdog anti-Communist. For the final weeks of the campaign he also tried to use the worldwide Lockheed scandal against Kohl's masculinity. Struck last October, a Lockheed lobbyist admitted that in 1961 while Strasse was defense minister, his party received \$12 million in kickbacks for Germany's purchase of 700 Starfighter jets. No hard evidence was found to support the contention, but recently Schmidt's defense committee disclosed that documents dating back to the Strasse era are mysteriously missing.

Schmidt was the man who Schmidt campaign worker recently complained that when the character needed was a man of some sort to be able to denounce his leadership ability to the SDF. "But he's done so well that we don't have any crisis." It was, at best, a mixed blessing for Schmidt—the op.

MICHAEL GETLER

AFRICA

Kissinger to the rescue

It was an unexpected start to one of the most daring diplomatic exercises of the decade. At 10:30 a.m. Kissinger's plane, said when 707 touched down in the Tanzanian capital of Dar es Salaam in mid-September, he was greeted by official cordons and demonstration banding. Signs greeting him as a "typical insider." But after nearly two weeks of the personalized brand of state diplomacy, Kissinger left the troubled continent more optimistic than ever before but he left it all behind for the welcoming welcome by minority white rule in parts of southern Africa.

In a stark contrast of past policies, Rhodesian Prime Minister Ian Smith and his government announced they are prepared to accept Kissinger's proposal for lifting over authority to the country's

black majority within two years. In return, said Smith, there have been successes from Kissinger that black groups in waging a terrorist campaign in Rhodesia will cease operations while a new government is set up and the white minorities will be deported. Adding to Kissinger's apparent diplomatic coup, South Africa's Premier John Vorster declared his willingness to grant independence to Namibia, the South Africa-ruled trust territory also known as South-West Africa.

At the start of the Kissinger mission, Transvaal President Johannes Verwoerd announced proudly he was not "particularly encouraged" by the forthcoming efforts of the U.S. Secretary of State, and Zimbabwesi President Kenneth Kaunda warned that there were "only a few days, but winter is over, a black-white war throughout southern Africa."

Full details of the settlement package were not disclosed but top-level U.S. and African sources said that it included a pending for a number of powers in Namibia and Rhodesia, the plan also calls for a two-billion-dollar fund to be set up by the United States, Britain and other Western countries to aid those Rhodesians who must move westward to leave the country. International guarantees were to be drawn up as well to protect the basic rights of Rhodesians within. Despite the general optimism at the end of the Kissinger shock, however, some doomsday observers found it difficult to believe that Rhodesian whites, who unilaterally declared independence from Britain in 1965, now are suddenly going to surrender power after years of fighting to do so. But others argued that Vorster, Smith's only ally in southern Africa, had put so much pressure on the Rhodesians to accept Kissinger's proposals that he had little choice but to accede and go for the best deal possible.

Kissinger's maneuvering in Africa was carefully orchestrated so that the Middle East shenanigans that were his main concern. After conferring privately with Nyere and Kaunda to iron out the main common concerns they would accept from white rulers in southern Africa, he flew to Pretoria for talks with Vorster. When he arrived, South Africa's chief of staff in harm's way, Pretoria, police had opened fire on volved (armed) travel demonstrators and a Johannesburg fire broke exploded in several demonstrations. Black students outside Johannesburg's organized a mass demonstration, killing six and wounding 100 others.

But talks with Vorster began quickly and the South African leader was apparently willing to give up his hold on Namibia in return for a deal that might offer a period of stability in southern Africa and provide him with time to try to quell his country's internal problems. Less than a day later came the dramatic announcement that a meeting between



Smith and Kissinger was imminent. The session with Smith turned into a tense, eight-hour marathon with only one break—a retreat to allow the Rhodesians to go back to his hotel to rest and drink champagne.

When the talks ended, Kissinger returned to Transvaal and Zimbabwesi to brief governments there on the progress he had made, adding new maps to Zaire and Kenya as well. Finally, the obviously

boasted secretary made a final stop in London to ask British help in conducting a future constitutional conference to decide the fate of southern Africa. He also let it be known that the Soviet Union had said to settle his African diplomacy. Then Kissinger, ever ready for his moments, jokingly said reports that his "personal charm" had been a definite help in his ground-breaking search for an African solution.

Gerry by a nose

For 37 minutes, the rival candidates for the presidency of the United States stood street, wooden, almost motionless, refusing to face each other and under no reflex. The temporary break came at 7:30 and after 10 minutes before the end of the first televised debate between Democrat Jimmy Carter and President Ford had caused a mini-crisis for which neither was prepared. When the clock of the only uninvited audience in the room at 10:00 a.m. struck, the first of three talks, the November 3 election for which both men had personally prepared.

In the immediate aftermath of the two September debates, Ford was generally considered to be the victor, if only by the narrowest of margins. He presented himself as more confident, less nervous and more in command of the issues than Carter, who seemed at times to be slightly confused and whose answers tended to crumble (in response to a question on pardoning draft dodgers, he slipped into a discussion of reforming the criminal justice system). Opinion polls generally showed the President had gained an advantage over Carter in the debate, though opinion polls had indicated the margin was too narrow to declare a clear winner.

The three panelists questioning the candidates stuck mostly to the presidential theme—the economy and the peace issue—and so no one was really enough to question Carter on his majority



Carter and Ford: a clash of neo-styles

remade in a recent Playboy interview. Among other things, Carter told Playboy that he had committed slavery many times—but only in his mind. Added Baptist Carter: "I don't say I don't commit your sins because I don't think I do." He also said he was a good-looking man, but only in his own eyes. While the other guy is loyal to his wife.

If the first debate was particularly dull, it also forced the candidates to define clearly their positions on a number of important issues and the second confrontation, set for October 8 on television, was promised to be considerably livelier.

People

There comes a time when a principled person has to say, "Enough is enough!" or in this case, "Cut it out!" **Quintavice McTeer** had "Cut it out" in Air Canada and the \$30,000-a-year author profit bar to



McTeer: No Jean of Arc maybe, but...

stand on its French-Guyana Caribbean vacation commercials on television. It was only week two, just out on a limb and a leg, go to the beach and whisper rudely about the pleasures that awaited tourists from Canada in *Quintavice Said—the Fourteen Sunny Islands*. But McTeer, like a growing number of non-apologetic, virtually non-ideological Québécois, was accused by Air Canada's corporate sled against the use of French air traffic control. "My action should not be interpreted as political," the actress said. "I was very happy with Air Canada, but I hope my action will raise people's awareness." It probably had nothing to do with anything, but the day after the spoke to Maclean's, she flew to Barbados for a visit-on-air Canada.

In the days following her husband's accession to the Tory leadership, **Maureen McTeer** was quick to assert herself as an independent, not an adjunct, and asked to be known by her maiden name. That may be creeping. For instance, she is denying (or at least, it's being denied for her) that she skipped a Papal audience on May 1st. Clark on September 12 when the Vatican refused to grant her an audience as Mrs. Maureen McTeer. The official explanation was that she had to go to court and attend the first week of classes at the University of Ottawa Law School, but that registration was over by September 10. And the day after her husband in Paris on September 14, that at the last week of his European tour taking at



McTeer: Clark's son to the chivalrous

least seven days of classes. The Vatican rumor, ironically, came out of Clark's own office, where McTeer is not popular, and where she is considered a possible political liability. But she is starting more and more to be recognized more in dialogue with some liberal at times, and that, plus her first help, due at the end of October (McTeer doesn't Christmas, but I'll have to do), may help take all the difference.

Dr. Renee Richards, the former Richard Russell, may not be finding it easy in the lame theatrical to come out of the closet (not only out of the closet, but onto the sports page, competing in women's tennis tournaments). "Well, a bad joke ended today when Renee Richards told me," one sportswriter began. Another opened with "Renee Richards, who made a mockery of women's tennis." But that might have been



Richards and Jergensen: nobody said it was going to be easy, and it hasn't been

a lot tougher had it not been for George Jergensen. It was, nearly 24 years ago, an answer to his entry into the world, from a hospital in Copenhagen as **Christine Jergensen**. First, and probably always a comedy and parables for study about Jergensen is now 50 and looking it. "All in all, I've got all the problems of a middle-aged woman, along with all the problems of a middle-aged man."

The great **At It Happens** Lloyd Robinson replacement contest ended in late September, and the winner was (drum roll) **Robert Stanfield**. "I feel tremendous," the former Tory leader told Barbara Fraser and Alan Marshall, "and I think the country will feel even better. This is a pretty provocative stance when it comes to putting people to sleep." From passed on a suggestion that the national news be extended to an hour to accommodate Stanfield's slow delivery—or could he spend it on "I don't know whether it's necessary to spend up—



Stanfield: The kid shows some promise

but I know that all the news is all that important. It was only got a quarter of the way through." "Did he know he had to be out both Mitchell Sharp and Bryce Mackenzie?" "I didn't know that, but in all honesty it doesn't matter to me." And **Barry Flanagan** said, "That's really something—well, I'm really becoming a national personality now, eh?" There might be a problem with his hair, or rather the look of it. "If they want him, I would get a haircut and change it. If there's really bad news I could go really black, and if it was an exciting night I could wear red hair." He was not surprised he was, especially because he had such good references. "The way I could get a recommendation from the Prime Minister, because what did I ever do to him?"

Sports

Why do the Roughriders win and the Argos lose? Well, for starters...



Lancaster: The Canadian kids are great, but there's nothing like a Barbican power

In the black-and-blue world of the Canadian Football League, where the talk often runs red hot, the blood soon turns grey. With this year's schedule two weeks complete, the Ontario fans in mighty Toronto were once again buying for a week's blood (and losing yet another season's sport) while out in the prime time station of Rogers the Big Green Machine was thriving in football with yet another down for first place. The worst of the weekly Argonauts have become a national joke, thanks in part to the team's revolving-door policy with players, coaches and even owners. But how, oh how do the Saskatchewan Roughriders manage to come up with a contender every year?

For one thing, the Regina club is community-owned, much as the ancient monarchy of 115 is good. The Green Bay Packers are for football, the Roughriders have been a remarkably consistent team in developing homegrown players. For a third, they have enjoyed the services of master quarterback Ron Lancaster since 1961. (Although the club has only won one Grey Cup under Lancaster, he did, somewhat running back George Kest led it to the national final four times and never once allowed to miss the playoffs.) Thus while the \$5,000 odd playing customers who flock maniacally to Toronto's own Stedman were wondering whether the

year's much hallelujahed superstar—and four-dollar running back Anthony Dawson—would ever get untricked under Coach Russ Jackson's eccentric leadership, the 22,000 fans who jam Taylor Field in Regina were enjoying another vintage year with Lancaster and Co. (and they not mind) by head coach John Payne.

Saskatchewan sports football players at the present and upon their team. Consider Roger Aldag, 22, married the father of a two-year-old daughter. Aldag is a 230-pound center from the ranch community of Gull Lake, near the Alberta border. He played seven-team tackle football in high school for Gerry Elmer. Then moved to Regina for five seasons with George Carter's junior team. "My number one ambition in life has always been to play for the Roughriders," says Roger. "I want to dream about it." Asked how he felt when he first pulled on the green-and-white vest, he replied, "I cried."

One old, hard coach thinks he can replace Saskatchewan's consistency. "Morale, unity and leadership of the players are something else in Saskatchewan," says Bud Riley of Winnipeg's Blue Bombers. "And they have an outstanding group of Canadian." Saskatchewan is almost self-sufficient in Canadian talent. In Kamuch, Moore, New, Regina and Saskatoon are kids who plan to be the next Steve McQueen—who in fact is the local boy who just

has become "the next George Reed." "There is an intense loyalty to the Roughriders among Saskatchewan kids," says Eagle Kest, a former head coach. "I know one of them, Lawrence Skelton, who was kidnapped when they traded him to Hamilton."

The Roughriders have also shown a major ability to reduce the loss of great players. When George Kest traded a wide, most "upstart" and the Roughriders would drop at least one man in the standings. Certainly, Reed's powerful inside running has been missed, but Moore, of Saskatchewan (the only) was signing rapidly. Reed, who would be closer the game, has three reasons why Saskatchewan is consistently good—stability in numbers, quality Canadian and Ron Lancaster.

Lancaster arrived in Regina in 1961, plucked off western by the Roughriders for \$100. Ottawa Rough Riders, who had decided to go with Russ Jackson, asked one fewer—then when and of Saskatchewan was ready to part with Lancaster, Ottawa would have just option. For 14 years, the man has thrived on Lancaster's song and as "first" player.

Economically, though, it's a different story. The team's payroll is fast approaching one million dollars a year. "It's doubled in the past few years," says old executive Roger Covey. A \$400,000 bank account is steadily on its way. The team needs more money in a desperate way. "Our target is 25,000 seats between the goal line by the 1976 season," says Covey, who is general manager of a Regina area station when he was running the team. "Right now we offer only 17,000 seats between the line and, for all intents and purposes, they are sold for every game." Gate equalization schemes—by which clubs with large stadiums subsidize seats with more modest ones—are among such Saskatchewan. The team spends 12 weeks a year exploring ways to raise money. A \$100-a-seat dinner has grown from a gathering of 200 in 1953 to a push evening for more than 1,400. Season-ticket sales reached a new high of 14,792 last summer—more than double 1973's sale.

Of course, there is an universal belief in Saskatchewan that the Roughriders are as vital to the province as rice in just or what takes to China. Where Ernest Moseley, coaching master the meaning of a game, who the Lord surely kindly gave. Rennie and the boys, it's generally believed that were God from Mountebank or Meadow Lake He, too, would be a Roughriders fan.

Maybe Canada would have won anyway, but the deck did tend to be a little stacked

Sports column by Michael Posner

Of all conclusions now being drawn from last month's Canada Cup, the least persuasive is that Canada once again might dominate in hockey. Anybody sure it is disadvantageous enough to believe that Eugene Vashon, Bobby Orr or Darryl Sittler have robbed the great Canadian game from all those barbarous nations in Europe deserves a week in Mordor with Alvin Karpis. Second more in one sentence.

Admittedly, Team Canada was the first legitimate world cup of hockey—and with it the dubious privilege of instant sanctification by the Canadian media. But they won't win more advantages just because Canada has a few stars. They played all their games in Canadian arenas, before heavily partisan crowds, on smaller ice surfaces inhospitable to the free-skating European style. Their schedule gave them two easy games (against Finland and the United States) before facing the heavyweight Soviets, Russians and Czechs. They were close to failures, suffered none of the game surprises or a foreign that could lead to at least one official language the daily highlights of the sporting press. Given all that, only wonder would have been their losing.

It should also be remembered that the Soviets did not send their best possible squad, that the Czechs got inaccurate goaltending (good as he was, Vladimír Králík), that Canada was often played like the 8-club Sweden by a back in line, that the Swedes were ill-prepared to play 60 minutes of hockey, that the Americans used one out of their wicks better than the other, producing an impressive number of matches but not too many goals, and that the flying Finn left their homebase in Helsinki.

Those qualifications, it's only fair to add, that the team put together by Montreal Canadiens general manager Paul Holmgren, the best of the best of the best, were not even in Canada, that they beat some pretty fair hockey teams, and that is doing so, they provided the finest display of hockey Canadians are likely to see for some time. And that's the rub: in the wake of the tournament, too many people are only too ready to say that the game goes. At Parly one called "The Canadian spirit" has become the Canadian sports. Saturday night's cure for insomnia. Worst, the Stanley Cup—that annual relic of spring (it used to be winter, but most NHL owners weren't back from Florida and needed some diversion in May)—becomes a minor league trophy. Can Les Hells hold off the foreign players? Can Bobby Orr re-



Orr, even in one leg, the best damn hockey player in the whole wide world

connect the members of the Black Hawks? Does anyone care? The only question that can matter now is when Team Canada will again meet the Russians and the Czechs. England has won the future, and it is not the Colorado Rockies.

The series taught Canadians some other lessons as well, most obviously that the CTV network might, for its own sake, be kept flat, far away from production of anything more serious than the Miss Canada pageant. From current position to post game analysis, the CTV crew gave every sign of being out of its element—like Roger Hodgson (he, Raskin) at a tennis interview. Were it not for the commentators, the play-by-play would be the equivalent of a state funeral. The industry talk is that CTV, in its anxiety to win the series, seriously underestimated its production costs and tended to overestimate its audience. It was a failure in both respects. The play-by-play was not enhanced by Carling O'Keefe's relation between period filled.

Most positively, the series may also attest the North American concept of coaching. The Western press once made a great job of the Soviet coaching system, as evidenced in the Kerebins, but not as well as to picture. How could any team with four coaches succeed? Wasn't it amazing to see two of these guys simultaneously directing battle behind the bench? Apparently not. In fact, it was not only amazing that the Team Canada brain trust itself led by the four-four system. And though Sittler, Bobby Orr and Bobby Kucera were clearly the team in charge, it was Don Cherry—

convinced to watch Team Canada from the stands—who noticed the Czech goaltenders coming out too far and commenting themselves too soon. "If you take the shot and keep going, you can beat them," he said. That observation delivered to the dressing room before the overtime period with the Czechs, remained in Darryl Sittler's memory long enough for him to take a shot at the blue line, score and put one more goal behind a "somewhat" Devils.

Finally the Canada Cup provided an opportunity for some great hockey players to show off their remarkable skills. For Roger Wicks (top), Dennis Peris (left), Gilbert Perreault (center), and Bobby Clarke (right) to do what they do as well as or better than anyone else in the world. But no one was more impressive than Bobby Orr, crippled knee notwithstanding. Viewed from the top of the arena, hockey is a game of geometry, a kind of high-speed chess. From the top it is possible to see not only the million things a player may do with the puck in any moment, but the one thing he should do. Now instead of his, Orr does that one thing in the top-on-the-ice flow of play from the top. His shot is wicked, his passing crisp, his control of the game awesome. But his success for knowing precisely what to do with the puck, and the exact moment to do it, surprises understanding. He is a genius, marvel. It's not to know that Canada was the instrument, but it's a hell of a lot easier to know that Bobby Orr is a skillful performer as the game's supreme craftsman.

Business

Not the sort of women, it seems, Earle McLaughlin was looking for

Liam Sibia, former chairman of the Ontario Advisory Council on the Status of Women, and she'd like to punch Earle McLaughlin in the nose. And, for good reason, she added, "kick him in the sex." All on a national radio program. And across Canada women were being urged to close out any and all dealings with the Royal Bank, whose president and chairman of the board is the very same Earle McLaughlin. If Sibia or some other woman does punch him in the nose, it will be because he involved it with the statement that, after a countrywide search, it was discovered there was not one Canadian woman qualified to sit on the all-male board of the Royal Bank. If, it seems, the sweet and surprising "Mary" who was the focus of the bank's ad campaign (a white lady). Two weeks after McLaughlin's announcement, Robert McLaughlin, executive vice-president of the Bank of Nova Scotia, resigned himself and his bank into the factor, admitting that he too had failed on a search hunt for a female director. He offered that one of the reasons was a bank. An institution that doesn't hire men and 500 women of the bank's staff. And that is a subtle argument, in it one that banks have historically found easy to overcome when it suited their interests.

These men may offer reasonable bank directors and are generally opposed to financial or managerial skills, but because, by and large, they have enough contacts and alliances in the business world to serve the bank's advantage. And that, in the case of most Canadian women, is far more obviously the rub. If the previously mentioned skills were required, McLaughlin, Macdonald, it would not have to look far, or wrap hands in flannel. Women are moving into finance in droves, especially to the very guts of finance, the investment industry.

Although for years there has been a sprinkling of women in the investment field (Finance Minister Donald Macdonald's wife, Ruth, for example, was once a bond trader), over the past five years there have been more women in the investment field. In 1971, there were no women graduates of the law program at London's University of Western Ontario. Last year, there were 25. Terry Quinn, an underwriter with the Toronto brokerage house of Phillips MacKay King & Company Limited, is one of them. She says, "I wish in my class had more job opportunities than they knew what to do with." Also contributing to growing numbers are orders from American head offices to hire more



McLaughlin: expertise, the name is women

women. Some of them—for example, Marion Van Dyke, the manager of the Bell Canada Pension Fund, Helen Roschman, manager of research at Canada Trust, and Sandra Macdonald, the head trader of Sun Life Investments—are now a top job. "I'm always met men who are threatened by a woman," says Roschman, "and they're threatened by everyone." There's a comment and refrains among these women that's strong in old-time religion. Mary Macdonald is 75 and still working. She began 27 years ago selling war bonds to the General Hospital in Vancouver. She outlived everyone and then persuaded Frank Hall of Hall Securities to

hire her. Now she's with Midland-Doherty Limited in Vancouver as a trader.

"There isn't much about this business that I don't know," says Barbara McDougall, who at 36 is the manager of the \$40-million portfolio in the North West Trust Company in Edmonton, the business reporter on the local TV station CTV and a founding president of the recently formed Alberta Society of Financial Analysts. Her first job after graduating from the University of Toronto was in the economics department of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. She also did market research and business writing before settling down for 10 years in senior research analyst for the Vancouver brokerage house of Odium, Brown and T.B. Reel Ltd. By the time she left she was a shareholder and had been there longer than any other senior employee.

Recent brass works for Midland-Doherty, one of the country's largest retail brokerage houses, in Toronto. She started playing the stock market while her four daughters were growing up and was successful one day in 1959 when her broker contacted her to know a woman who, among the Canadian Investment Securities Course. Since then, a graduate, and when the confronted T.A. Richardson saying, "I want to be a stockbroker," they hired her. Four years later, she was working in Midland-Doherty to be their first female stockbroker. She says that starting out older than most stockbrokers was an advantage since she had a lot of contacts and knew people with money to invest. She thinks women's contacts in the business world are a great asset in helping women to move into other business careers.

In the main office of Brown Balfour Naylor Limited in Toronto, the retail tape monitor continuously prints its up-to-the-minute, constantly changing market. It is monitored, often in silence, by women on their elbows, conversing with the changing numbers. Of this room, in a small office on McGill Hill, a black under a telephone hanging her to floor traders and clients jargon on one side of her while, on the other, she scans a Canadian market that can come in the stock exchanges of Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver and New York. Her 35 to 40 accounts can generate 100 phone calls a day. "It's an advantage being a woman," says Ellis. "I've had the account side, women are still rare on the brokerage side, although that's changing. In the last four or five years having a woman has become like having a black. Politically it's the right thing to do."

ELIANNE WARD

Justice

How one good man and true fought Ottawa's plan to hang the jury



Trud by jury to an assize in 1846, under English common law. So in procedure appears forced self-incrimination. Canadians have always enjoyed both rights when they found themselves accused of a crime. That they will continue to do so, however, and as in no small measure to the gritty performance last month of a Toronto trial lawyer named Arthur Whately. It was Whately, the 47-year-old president of the Criminal Lawyers Association in Ontario, who first tracked down, then exposed and thereby helped spike an embarrassing federal proposal that would have attempted to improve trial efficiency at the expense of accused defendants. Draft legislation, since repudiated by Justice Minister Ron Atkinson, would have, among other things:

- Allowed prosecutors to deny trial-by-jury in the vast majority of indictable criminal cases, with reduced maximum sen-

tences upon conviction being offered as compensation, and;

- Allowed prosecutors to deny accused persons a preliminary hearing, or, when such hearings were granted, to withhold details of the Crown's case from the accused—unless the accused agreed to surrender his right to silence.

Whately showed major changes in the Criminal Code had been made in legal circles overnight a variety of the record is coming in Vancouver last June among Barford and his provincial counterparts, the attorneys general. "They [the changes] were a bit in the spirit of conservatism all around," Whately recalls. "Everyone was talking about them. They were supposed to be horrendous, but nobody had a copy." Whately asked federal officials in Ottawa about the matters but no one would acknowledge any plan existed. Then, at a conference in Sherbrooke, a prosecutor who had been discussing the matter intentionally left in his copy of the secret proposals where Whately could see it. What he read horrified Whately. "I couldn't believe anyone would put that plan on paper for serious consideration. It was the most totalitarian piece of legislation I could imagine."

Whately wanted a copy of his own, and put letters out to everyone he could think of who might have one, a list that eventually stretched to 28 names. Finally his interest was rewarded. His secretary called him to report that a messenger had delivered a plain brown envelope. Inside was the draft legislation. "I don't know who leaked it," Whately says, "and I don't want to know. But I'm grateful to him." Whately called an all-night meeting of the directors of the Criminal Lawyers Association and they decided to make the document public.

There was immediate—and extensive—reaction. Dragged from a conference in Edmonton, Ontario ombudsman Arthur Maloney declared, "It disturbs me immensely to think there are officials in this country who have such a misguided conception of what justice should be. It must be nailed in the wall." Criminal lawyers were appalled. "I thought I was reading the blueprint for 1848," said Toronto defense attorney Henry Salton.

The officials involved in drafting the proposed legislation quickly retreated. The proposals were amended. "For discussion only," they claimed. Both Barford and Ontario Attorney General Roy McMurtry disclaimed intimate knowledge of the proposed legislation—despite the fact that they were present at the Vancouver



Whately (left), Barford (above) a hearty respondent after the profession's offensive.

meeting where the ideas were first discussed. Donald Christie, the associate deputy minister of justice who wrote the draft legislation, gallantly offered to carry the can for the gaffe, although he observed that none of the provincial representatives at a subsequent Yellowknife conference of high-level Justice officials named anyone. "It was my idea," Christie cheerfully said. "I'm the author."

While the public furor centered on the trial-by-jury issue, many criminal lawyers believed other proposals were more dangerous to fundamental freedoms. Prosecutors now must demonstrate that they have enough evidence to warrant a trial at a preliminary hearing, the first opportunity the accused has to hear the evidence

Peter Dawson was always careful about what he signed.

He was our first blender. And the first responsibility of every one of his successors has been to ensure that their blend exactly matches Mr Dawson's original. It isn't easy. But keeping the mellow, light heart of the Peter Dawson blend constant is certainly worth it. And so long as this signature remains on every bottle, we're committed.

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against him or to question prosecution witnesses in preparing a defense. The draft legislation would have changed all that; prosecutors would not be required to disclose their evidence unless the accused asked for it, but if he did he'd be required to give evidence under oath, thereby giving up his right to remain silent, a sharp challenge to the theory that in the Crown's responsibility to prove guilt, not the accused's responsibility to prove his own innocence. The draft legislation also required judges have more freedom to accept affidavits as evidence, instead of requiring witnesses to appear. An onc defense lawyer noted, "society." "You can't cross-examine an affidavit."

Defense lawyers feel that other safeguards, while by no means perfect, are an accused person are gradually being whittled away. They cite Criminal Code amendments, made last April, which permit an accused to be tried in absentia in some circumstances. They also point to draft legislation that would allow extradition to be heard, even if it was obtained illegally. "They'll make it harder for the ordinary guy who says 'I'm innocent' to get a fair trial," says Whately.

Nevertheless, changes in the method of prosecutive justice are already needed. Trials are often delayed because of procedural wrangles in the courts, and the price of justice has been rising steadily. The cost of operating federal courts has more than doubled in three years—from \$15 million in 1975 to an estimated \$46.1 million this year—and provincial courts spend as much or more. Ontario, for example, will spend \$102 million this year for the provincial court system and another \$31 million for legal aid. Worse than the cost is the delay in bringing cases to trial. The problem is most acute in Montreal, Vancouver and Toronto where long complicated trials—typically involving hundreds of hours of witness testimony—regularly tie up the courts. In Vancouver, a second drug smuggling trial is expected to cost more than one million dollars to prosecute. Neither will be a good thing long will take. "You get three or four of those in the courts," says Clay Powell, a high-powered Ontario prosecutor who switched to the defense last month, "and he's not long before the whole system grinds to a halt."

The episode was not without irony for Arthur Whately. He carries an ambition to become a judge, and judges are appointed by the justice ministry. Whately of course, has embarrassed at least some senior justice officials. One of Whately's colleagues says, "As far as a judge as a concerned, he's blown it." But Whately hopes otherwise. "If I ever had any hopes of an appointment to the bench, I don't think they've been harmed. I don't think the government appoints judges on the basis of whether they agree with them or not." In other words, Whately doesn't think Ottawa would consider him without a well-by jury colleagues. WILLIAM LAWRENCE

Travel

They're getting it all together Down East

The U.S. Bicentennial, the Montreal Olympics and cheaper-than-ever Europe convinced to interest most of Canada's tourist industry from expiring a better 1976. (By mid-August, national tourism receipts were down by 9% from their 1975 levels, even though inflation continued.) Nevertheless, it might have been more—particularly in the four most casualty provinces which rely so heavily on long-hauling Americans and "Uglier Canadians." If 1976 was less disappointing for Atlantic Canada tourism than it might have been, at least part of the credit belongs to the four provinces' latest exercise in cooperation: The Atlantic Canada Marketing Program (ACMP), a million-dollar venture that seeks to lure visitors to the region, rather than to a specific province.

Preliminary incentives offered by tourism officials in Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island suggest that the program is a winner. Already, some Prairie tourism officials are wondering if a similar approach might benefit Western Canada.

The ACMP represents a sharp departure from the traditionally fierce inter-provincial competition for visitors and their cash. "We kept bumping into each other at trade shows," recalls Bill Ouard, Nova Scotia's deputy tourism minister. "It was really a matter of evolution once we began to recognize we had common goals." Under the program, the provinces integrate their advertising, research and promotion. An obvious benefit is that they can afford to make larger splash collectively, especially in the U.S. than they ever could individually. Says Dennis MacAdam, Nova Scotia's tourism minister: "The number of dollars we spend on tourism hasn't changed, but the value of our dollar has. For me to try to advertise in the U.S. would be like fishing for tuna with a sardine pan. But now that we're part of the ACMP we can advertise there for the first time."

The first ACMP agreement is for three years, at which time the program will be evaluated and, some people believe, renewed. This spring's major push was on television along the U.S. eastern seaboard and in Ontario and Quebec. For eight weeks, ACMP bought TV spots designed to overcome the widespread image of Atlantic Canada as a foggy cluster of fishing villages. According to a study commissioned by the Canadian Government Office of Tourism, the TV campaign was a success, having raised awareness of Atlantic Canada advertising from 58% of persons questioned to 76%. But the program is more

than mere promotion on the road. The four provinces are developing common road signs, for example, and curtailing region-wide standards for service stations responses. Regional, rather than provincial, incentives for motorists is being produced.

The program has caught the eye, and perhaps the fancy, of Western Canada. Says Alberta's tourism minister, Robert Dowling, "I think they're smart, especially with the increasing cost of advertising. Joint efforts are becoming a must in the international market." Adds Manitoba's René Trépan, "I find a marketing co-ordinating committee beneficial in the Western provinces, so we'll take it up with the Prairie colleagues." **BY N. P. PARSONS**



Building the link on TV: coast-to-coast and extreme exposure, romance and scenery registered with the "big spender" set.

"The less time passengers spend with me, the better."

Errol Sokol,
Passenger Service Mgr.

"Smoking or not smoking? Window or aisle? Have a nice flight? If I spend more time than that with our passengers, I'm wasting their time. Speed, efficiency and courtesy. That's the most I can give them, and I won't give them anything less. I only have a few seconds to do what I do best. But it's an important few seconds. Because how people feel about American Airlines depends on how people feel about me."

We're American Airlines.
Doing what we do best.

I AM AMERICAN AIRLINES

Paper handling made easy

ACCO CANADIAN COMPANY LIMITED
 501 McNeill Avenue
 Willowdale Ontario M2H 2E2
 Halifax Quebec Montreal London
 Winnipeg Calgary Vancouver

ACCO

Medicine

A whole nation of thin people, wildly signaling to be let out



Driven by fear of heart attack, the desire to be fashionable and attractive, the sewing of threads or simply the determination to get back into a favorite suit or dress, hundreds of thousands of overweight Canadians suffer periodically from attacks which usually lead to at least a temporary resolve to shed extra pounds. Sadly only a few manage long-term success. For the others, weight-reduction programs—strict dieting or exercise, or a combination of the two—end as an on-again, off-again cycle often accompanied by guilt and then anxiety. North Americans are carrying around 125 million pounds of excess fat (Health and Welfare Canada reports that half of Canadians who are seriously overweight and this colossal waste provides the raw material for what might be called the growth industry of shrinking. Scores of companies and individuals—some predatory, some sincerely attempting to slay out obesity—are bombarding the public with advice and products designed to help them the fatter. The key to obesity, of course, is overeating, but more and more it is not necessarily an eating solution.

In *Beetle New World*, Allison Hawley writes characteristically bluntly, "There is no magic given free will in order to choose between sitting on one hand and leaping on the other. In today's turbulent, bureaucratically dominated society, the contemporary choice usually between anxiety and frustration. Food, like disease, is a common man's enemy—that magical, universally in-

comprehensible—and a socially acceptable manipulation. Until the 1980s, a degree of corpulence was viewed as a symbol of success. A permanent abdomen is etched in the business world. No more. Bud Turner, president of Maclean's Advertising (a former fitter and possibly intimidated by his colleagues in "The Ransdorph"), observes that the fat president has become an endangered species: time with corporate zeal for lifestyle members will not tolerate overnight executives. Page Woodward, chairman of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, notes that none of the Canadian bank presidents is fat. Indeed, he says he can think of only one president of a Canadian company who is large—delegation system (Shirley J. Woodward).

There is now a strong undercurrent of bias against the obese. Academically, obesity is not pleasing. Whereas a slender figure is seen the word obesity has negative impact, coming from the Latin, *obese*, meaning "that which has eaten itself fat." As health continues to impact, psychiatry examines over the symbolic aspect. There are caution theories, including overeating as a sign of repressed hostility; reactivating, positive contribution; impulses aimed at eating the enemy who is substituted for food in a temporary yearning for a lost person or situation and orally incorporating the lost person or as the result of a desire for self-punishment; and self-degradation in order to please guilt and to justify rejection by others. Psychologists who vary many other factors regard food as an important means of compensating for deficient rewards in the job market. Parents who have suffered deprivation may use food to build up their own importance to their children and to instill them in a secure relationship.

If the problem of obesity is growing to an awareness of it, Sandy Kerr, manager of the Fitness division of Recreation Canada, says he has noticed Canadian awareness of the problem. Kerr says that in Canada, there are more bike trails, cross-country ski trails and joggers than ever before. There has been an explosion of interest in health clubs, as well as in such participation sports as tennis and squash (Health Minister, Lalonde, fitness, health, recreation challenges fellow politicians, bureaucrats and even repression on Ottawa's speech circuit). But exercise is only a small part of the answer to obesity. It has been calculated that running a mile of one mile (one piece of chocolate cake) in fat. Dietitians speculate that many persons who re-

ceive vigorously are actually resistant to losing weight.

Reducing schemes such as diet pills, appetite suppression, water pills and hormone injections fail to produce enduring weight loss because they do not alter the behavior of the obese person. Experiments show that most people who lose weight by any of those methods including diet diets will regain or exceed their pre-diet weight in 24 months. Marie Ludwick, who holds one of the Canadian franchises for Weight Watchers, says she doesn't know how many clients achieve permanent weight loss. (Weight Watchers began 35 years ago and has an international membership of more than eight million in the United States; its manufacturers in own food in Canada; a franchise has been granted to George Weston Foods to manufacture Weight Watchers products.) Ludwick says her organization is now in transition, promoting permanent weight loss by behavioral modification rather than merely re-



ducing food intake.

Certainly, Canadians trying to shed pounds have no shortage of advice. There is a glut of current books for the overweight and sedentarily conscious. Among them: Dr. Solomon's *Kiss Ya Fat Goodbye*; "You can't opt to sit steady in a day"; *The Psychologist's Eat Anything Diet* by Dr. Leonard Pomeroy ("Praise yourself and your entire family from the treasury of food"); *The New Year Life Diet* by Dr. David Reichen ("Helps you lose weight permanently, naturally, without crash diets or fasting or privation"); *The Barbara Karp Guide To Fat Is Food*; *A Maple*

Beefeater

When you have a taste for better things.



Beefeater, so pure...so smooth

dedicated to such common diseases and ailments as cancer, of the colon and stomach, heart disease, diverticular disease, appendicitis, gallstones, varicose veins, breast/ovarian cancer, thyroid and obesity." *Feasting: The Ultimate Diet* by Dr. Alan Cox ("Kleinman's...losing is not starving"), *The Low Blood Sugar Cookbook* by Frances Davis ("Eat octopus, seaweed and bread"), *How To Be A Winner At The Weight Loss Game* by Dr. Walter Furburg ("How losing weight can become a richly satisfying experience"), *Better Homes And Gardens: Calorie Counters' Cookbook* ("Delicious recipes for any occasion and all with low, low calorie counts"), *The American Heart Association Cookbook* ("Eat to your heart's delight"), *The Food Diet* by nutritionists J. Blumstein and M. Severin, and finally *The Lean Cheater Diet* by Dr. Robert Lurie. *The Lean Cheater Diet* is a prime example: modeled for which promises tremendous weight loss—from seven to 35 pounds in the first week. This diet, which is going to be heavily promoted



this fall, consists of abstaining from a meat diet and taking weekly Protein Pills from Dr. Lurie's private label for men's liquid (cysteine, modular food) manufactured by Central Drug Inc., Port Republic, New Jersey. It consists of a complete protein that has been broken down by a biochemical process into amino acid components (these are the building blocks of proteins). Cherry-flavored, a quart costs \$30 and sustains a week's supply.

Most doctors would agree that the sensible approach to weight reduction is to follow a program that combines a focus on about food and activity and ultimately will allow behavioral change. One drawback does not have to be the only place of fulfillment. Undoubtedly some obese people resist society's criticism. It was the German poet Schiller who wrote that it is the spirit that builds itself a body. Today's fitness may have built fortresses to defend against a hostile world, to retort: date their corpses. JAMES PAUL FINE

Advertising

Repeat after Marc Lalonde: 'Drinking is not fun, drinking is not fun . . .'

If Canada's admen had the shaken this month the recent had had to do with the market, their profession is noted for. To be sure, alcohol was the problem, but the trembling hands and bloodshot eyes were symptoms of worry, not overindulgence. The anxiety was brought on by Health Minister Marc Lalonde's evident determination to curtail the advertising of liquor here and here is a key step toward overhauling alcohol abuse. Distillers, brewers and wineries spend \$30 million annually in Canada promoting their wares. The ad agencies' share of this intemperate sale is most likely in millions dollars, which amounts to 75 of their combined revenues. Any serious overhaul would cause a long wait for liquor for several centuries.

Believing that "good health is the bedrock on which social progress is built" and that alcohol abuse is a growing health problem, Lalonde has made no secret of his wish to reform Canada's drinking habits. He has been making speeches warning social drinkers that they're play-

ing with fire, not just fireworks. His ministry is about to launch a \$600,000 advertising campaign of its own, urging Canadians to pursue moderation if not abstinence. Furthermore, Lalonde has set the end of this month as a deadline for the advertising and alcohol industries to make their respective cases before he and his colleagues write new regulations regarding "more responsible promotion" of beer, booze and burgandy. Several organizations were preparing briefs—the Institute of Canadian Advertising, the Brewers Association of Canada and the Association of Canadian Distillers, as well as such media organizations as The Canadian Association of Broadcasters (The Magazine Association of Canada paid a call on Lalonde in mid-September, presenting him with a brief and an elaborate photo-op of alcohol ads clipped from foreign magazines bearing a combined per-verse readership in Canada of 17 million and beyond the government's control).

Among some of the proposals under

consideration in Ottawa, a warning message—"Immediate drinking can lead to impaired health, injury and premature death"—to be placed on all beer, burgundy and wine, severe restriction of what Lalonde calls "lifestyle advertising," a price he has not yet fully defined, that he feels would guarantee the consumption of alcohol, a freeze on promotion budgets—none in the use of the television industry voluntarily adopted five years ago, and restricted hours (9 p.m. to 7 a.m.) during which broadcast and commercials could be broadcast. This last proposal would be hard at sports programming, a favorite of the brewers. Carling O'Keefe, for example, spent \$2.5 million buying September's Canada Cup hockey series to the nation's television screens. Ironically, Lalonde himself was involved in the Canada Cup organization and expressed delight with it all during a Carling O'Keefe victory party (with two live and therefore buyable) for Team Canada.

Among the arguments the industries'

At Pappy's Pizza Palaces, the speciality of the house is Gestetner's new stencil duplicating system.



Pappy is still in creating pizza with new combinations of ingredients while waiting half time. But before he can start a toppings and sauce with new season, he needs new menus for his three Pizzas.

Pappy is making pizza with new combinations of ingredients while waiting half time. But before he can start a toppings and sauce with new season, he needs new menus for his three Pizzas.

It includes the new 44 electronic, semi-automatic system in 3 minutes or less, and with each button some, produce clear, sharp stencils with a change a few seconds.

The system is different from the Gestetner 420 stencil duplicator. Electronically operated, clean and easy to use, it can copy 100 copies of a menu, 24-hour, double, double in 3 minutes or less, and with each button some, produce clear, sharp stencils with a change a few seconds.

Whether your business is large, small or in between, save on costs by printing costs. So it's possible to be in business, save on costs by printing costs. So it's possible to be in business, save on costs by printing costs.

At Gestetner, saving you money, time and trouble is a specialty of our business. And we deliver 100.

☐ Yes, I would like to know more about Gestetner's new stencil duplicating system. Please send me a brochure and a copy of the new 44 electronic, semi-automatic system.

☐ Yes, I would like to know more about Gestetner's new stencil duplicating system. Please send me a brochure and a copy of the new 44 electronic, semi-automatic system.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____

Gestetner

The original word in office communication.



Lalonde: Spa that touch with, etc.

beach are bound to make the advertising of alcoholic beverages a trend at winning larger shares of an economy market rather than expanding overall consumption. Some consumer magazines rely heavily on such advertising and might not be able to stay in business without it more than 50% of sports broadcasting is sponsored by beverages and, let's be fair for least the ad agencies desperately need the money. Stan Barker Ostrage, president of the distillers association: "We acknowledge and applaud Mr. Lalonde's objectives. We do question whether he's going about it in the right way." Certainly, the drinks industry has known for some time that increased government regulation was coming. The distillers have been running ad-campaigns mobilization and promoting public education about the harms of drinking; the brewers have been running "None for the Road" ads warning drinkers against driving that way. Some provinces have strong regulations on broadcast commercials already in place.

Nevertheless, Lalonde and some of his key aides—notably deputy assistant Dr. Alvin Marziano, a Manitowish who strongly opposed to drinking and smoking—seem certain to go ahead with some form of further restriction of the promotion of alcoholic beverages. Says Lalonde: "The three volumes of advertising... must have some influence on the public mind, or why would the manufacturers spend the sums they do?" It's a good reason, he will have the full backing of his cabinet colleagues when he brings in his proposals, likely in the new year. Every indication is that during the coming festive season, Canada's admen will have little reason to be jaded and will let you "Cheers!" ELIZABETH WATSON

Media

The spy who came in from Bombay

The curious activities of a senior Indian politician, ostensibly visiting his daughter-in-law in Canada on a private holiday, have left the news agency, the Financial Affairs department upset and several Canadian newspaper editors worried. Roque-Moreau, a Bombay-based police commissioner, spent part of his summer vacation looking for evidence that Indian-based journalists are defying Press Council India's Gandhi's strict controls on the press by smuggling stories to Canadian papers. This investigation threatened not only to choke off an already limited flow of information from India but also the personal freedom of at least one leading journalist long under suspicion by Gandhi's police. Menon seemed delighted by his own success, and before returning home said: "The job given to me in India was to get the question of the Press Council India out of my hands. I have done it. But I'm not surprised if when I get back he's already been picked up."

A heavyset middle-aged man with graying hair and a lean for spiky features, Menon followed a simple procedure: he merely visited newspaper libraries in which he had been published. Once in India, he said, Gandhi declared his state of emergency in June 1975. Apparently, he found what he was looking for in the library of The Toronto Star (open during business hours to any member of the public willing to pay a nominal research fee). He left the Star with photographs of about 20 articles and proceeded to The Globe and Mail, which denied him access to its files. Both papers periodically carry unsigned articles with Indian distinctiveness. Menon's behavior was less than straight-forward. He was accompanied by Manu Bhat, a writer, and several other hangers-on. Frank Barker, now living in Toronto, and he had Mr. Bhat sign the Star's library's standard form requesting copies (since the incident, the Star has suspended a review of its library procedures but even had the Star library not been open to Menon, the Indians could have obtained exactly the same facts by calling at Toronto's Central Library.)

When they learned of Menon's mission, members of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police were outraged. The Menons posted out that, although Menon had broken no Canadian law, he was operating outside normal police procedure. "It's as though one of our guys went to Florida in a tourist and then started making friends without paying a courtesy call on the local police office," said one Mountie. Menon, who said his superiors were aware of his activities in Canada, felt he was acting properly. He was searching about Indian journalists who filed stories abroad without submitting them to the censor. "They are the salt of that country even as they devoutly engage in activities that under the law are regarded as treasonary."

Since the emergency was declared, India has become a place of fear and silence. An estimated 250,000 persons—voluntarily, by law, or by force—have been clapped in jail under such laws as the Maintenance of Internal Security Act and Defense of India Rules. Press censorship is absolute; religious prohibitions "all objectionable material," by which in recent years criticism of the leadership for Indian journalists of inquiry reporting has become a dangerous occupation, especially if they attempt to investigate the truth about their country or other states. Telephone taps and postal systems are carefully monitored, which creates stories—often concocted—have to be smuggled out in a foreigner's hand using trusted contacts (often, but not always, Indian). Newspapers that receive and publish such material take on a responsibility to protect their Indian correspondents by publishing stories anonymously.

Menon's mission was a major security in its own right. The boardman at CTV's Toronto headquarters was crowned with expertise covering the assassination. Flanked by Karth and Tom Gault, the network's news chief, Robertson looked as out of place as John Diefenbaker in a Liberal caucus meeting. Gault revealed that Robertson had signed a five-year CTV contract, renewable in his option for a further five years. Robertson said his decision to leave the CTV after 22 years was "unconscious," and was based not so much on money as his unhappiness with the CTV in function as anything but a newsreader. Robertson, a member of the association's senior of CTV, couldn't even



mostly The Indian authorities, charged by articles in the Canadian press, are concerned about their influence on Canada's East Indian population.

The national Menon assembled apparently was to be scrutinized by members of Indian intelligence services to establish whether certain Indian correspondents were guilty of "treason."

Because their examination of the Menon case produced "no evidence of criminality," there was not much the RCMP could do but a spokesman for the Department of External Affairs declared today that the Canadian government does not allow intelligence operations of any kind by non-members in this country, and that "appropriate steps are being taken to rectify the situation and to ensure that it will not happen again." HERBERT SCHENK

The National, with uh... ?

Help Wanted M/F

Advertisement for CTV's National

News. Must be some individual and willing to read other people's words. Salary negotiable in \$50,000 range.

Good Jorgens. Journalism experience not an asset, but a must.

The CTV head's quest accepted to having do his top broadcasting job through the classified columns of the nation's newspapers, if only because it was getting so much free ink. But the abrupt departure last month of Lloyd Robertson to the CTV network triggered one of the biggest and most colorful and colorful and colorful again the CTV's unique problem with its franchise stations. For years, the 42-year-old Robertson had been the CTV's chief of news, leading The National as 11 p.m. and anchoring such major television set pieces as the Olympic and political conventions. But he was blocked, by strict union rules from fulfilling his ambition to help prepare his own scripts. Fed up and annoyed by a reported million dollar, 30-year deal, he moved across the deal in CTV, where starting in mid-July he will team up with longtime anchorman Harvey Keitel on CTV's national news. There he will be allowed to act as a journalist (CTV's executives are not unaccustomed and not unusually give notice).

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Created 450 years ago.

We know she was beautiful, young and undressed. But did she create the original Amaretto di Saronno as a thank you for her portrait? A portrait that Bernar dino Lura made of her in 1520?

History has lost the answers—even her name—leaving nothing but Lura's stunning fresco in the Sanctuary of Santa Maria delle Grazie in Saronno, Italy. And the legacy with the distinctive bouquet and taste of almonds.

As you sit it tonight after a fine meal, with coffee - or even before dinner in a cocktail - we know you'll come to appreciate not only its unique

intriguing flavour, but also its history.



The original:
Amaretto di Saronno.

edit the scripts he read. On at least two occasions when he had written a story, members of the Canadian Writers Service Guild who gather and write the news for the cbc, had walked out in protest. Such shenanigans on announcements seem to be a problem peculiar to the cbc. At the three major U.S. networks, endorsermen such as Mary McCormack (swe), John Chancellor (swe), and Walter Cronkite (cbs) are expected to write some



Kirk and Robertson in their own words.

of their own material. "For God's sake," says a CBC spokesman, "our guys are your males."

Meanwhile, the cbc was faced with filling the slot left vacant by Robertson, pulled from the air the night he made the decision to jump. Within the first 24 hours, cbc news and public affairs division executive Noah had received more than 25 phone calls and telegrams from interested applicants. "If we're putting together a line," Noah said, "100 people apply, we'll talk to all of them beginning with those inside." Among those being considered: George Fennell, George McLain, Al Douglas, and Ken Tynan, all of the cbc; Peter Jennings of abc; Jack Burghardt of crrn tv in London, Ontario, and Peter Tomson of Ontario's Global television network.

Noah was quick to point out that Robertson's replacement at the cbc won't make anything close to \$100,000 a year. "At one point during our contract negotiations with Lloyd, he had three lawyers, two accountants, and one or two tax advisors with him. . . I wish him luck, but not too damn much."

Broadcasting insiders feel that with the combination of Robertson and Kirk, crrn won't need much luck to overtake cbc in the 11 p.m. ratings war, although the private network has some catching up to do. In recent surveys show the cbc network has 1.5 million viewers while crrn has just over one million. At crrn, a slot new set was being prepared for what Robertson called *The Happy and Greasy Show*. Perhaps now, however, Kirk 46, who looks as if he constantly dips on his face, won't appear so grumpy, but salary has been negotiated skyward from its previous \$450,000 level.

ANCK MEYER

Television

A star is reborn: a divine Zoe as The Divine Sarah

"When I am with her she exasperates me," said Alexander Dumas (the younger, of Sarah Bernhardt). "But when I get home, how I can wait!" Little doubt evidence of Bernhardt's theatrical witcraft remains, since few of her performances were so ragged, and those that were show she was baffled by the camera. Yet more than half a century after her death, her legend continued to grow. That's because in the tradition of independent women from Jean of Arc to Maria Callas, she was a great natural phenomenon who drove people into frenzies through sheer force of personality. To play such a character requires qualities beyond the craft of acting, but from the moment it dawned that John Birchall conceived the project of a tv play about "the divine Sarah," he had only one performer in mind: Zoe Caldwell.

Audiences across the country will understand why when the CBC's prestigious drama series *Front Row Center* has its seasonal premiere on Wednesday, October 8. Sweeping through a 90-minute show with flamboyant energy, Caldwell seems in the most exhilaratingly theatrical portrait of the star to succeed another rare film. Davis played Marie Curie in the movie *All About Eve*.

Savante Grossman's script goes right quaking glimpses of Bernhardt's onstage triumphs and, conversely, instead, as Caldwell points out, what makes Bernhardt an interesting person is what was off in school as a student. Bernhardt took to the stage as an act of defiance against a mother who wanted to get her severely married off. Although she was far from beautiful and suffered from stage fright, she vowed, "Grand money, they will love me." And they did. The play traces her life from early triumphs at the Comedie-Francaise through success broader epiphanies and a sensational American tour to the final years of isolation and forgetfulness from an aging public.

The production overflows with loving bits of the heroine's magnificent eccentricities. To audiences Sarah was known for her exquisite death scenes (she played Camille more than 2,000 times), and since the play suggests that Bernhardt didn't die any more acting on stage than off, it's fitting that we see her obsessed with death. Caldwell's Sarah induces rigidity in a coffin as if it were a throne. The colorfully bizarre acts and eccentricities are helped and a mostly competent supporting cast. Soft-core philistines for Donald Davis in her manager. There's really no one in this except Caldwell.

It's an outrageous one-woman show, and she dominates everybody. Whether on the stage or the screen, "Can't the user!" or exclaiming softly to her own stage in a dressing room before dressed as a girl for the role of Elizabeth I, the manager is so rapt, infectious you can't quite believe you're hearing Zoe Caldwell's greatest asset in her voice. But she has also conceived a first-time work, so that every time the actress is more you fear for the future.

"The thing that excited me was her superior quality," observed Caldwell, recalling that she wasn't enthusiastic about the role until she went to Paris to research it. For Caldwell, a 40-year-old Canadian who lives in New York state with her husband, the Canadian-born producer Robert Whitchard, this show made a return to Canada. She did most of her work here in the mid-1950s, playing Cleopatra at Stratford, Mother Courage in Winnipeg, and appearing often on cbc. Festival. Before playing Miss Jane Brodie on Broadway.

"It was planned like the mad on a tub," says John Hirsch, Green to his tiny budget and limited time, Sarah had to be taped in just five days. Even when a monkey with stage fright hit Caldwell, the show went on. Hirsch has high hopes of selling it to networks in England and the United States. No wonder. Bernhardt will continue with the release of a movie starring Glenda Jackson, but in this role it's unlikely anyone can challenge the divine Zoe.

MARTIN KATZMAN



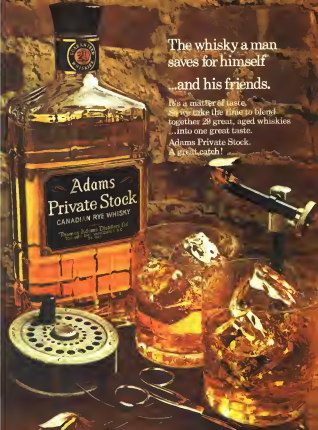
Caldwell: Bernhardt's virtual diva.

The whisky a man saves for himself

...and his friends.

It's a matter of taste. So we take the time to blend together 29 great, aged whiskies...into one great taste.

Adams Private Stock. A great catch!



from Thomas Adams Distillers Ltd. . . we still care about quality.

Show Business

The face is familiar but you can't place the name? It's Dane, Larry Dane

In the mosquito-infested clearing north of Toronto where the final scenes of a movie film called *Assault* are being shot, Lawrence Dane hangs, staring slowly in the endless night. He is drenched from a shower, turly lit by klieg lights. His blood-soaked face is twisted in agony as he prepares for his Big Death Scene. The agony is not entirely feigned: the special body horror he was once deeply into his flesh. "How does a first 'last' experience actor Hal Holbrook? "Well," Dane replies wearily, "it ain't Peter Pan."

What makes this scene even more bizarre is that Dane, the actor being strung up like a side of beef, is also the film's producer—a breed that ordinarily combines agony to men chalking on a mixture of love over loach. But Larry Dane is no ordinary movie producer. In a country with an unscrupulous film industry that allows few enough persons to be male, Dane, at 39, has independently brought together the missing script and cast for three Canadian movies in the past five years.

In 1971, he produced Gordon Fraser's script of *The Assassination*. When he followed it up with a 1973 comedy, *Only God Knows*, which he bankrolled at his box office, Dane sank into a depression and for a time lost interest in producing. A year ago he put his previous as a producer to work again and began scripting together the \$550,000 budget for *Assault* (scheduled for spring release). More than half the money (\$300,000) came from the Canadian Film Development Corporation and Famous Players theatres. The rest he squandered out of budgeting Montreal movie mogul Harold Greenberg. Next, he paid out \$700,000 in Hollywood actor Holbrook to play around in bush country in northern Ontario for five weeks, playing out a group of vacationing doctors being haunted by a mysterious force.

None of this heroic production activity seems to have affected Dane's own acting career. He's starring in two Canadian films this fall: *The Crown Mensters*, now playing in major Canadian centres; he plays the husband of kidnapped actress catwoman Susan Kerner, and in *Find The Lady* a comedy spin-off from the earlier film called *It Seemed Like a Good Idea At The Time*. He is an agent detective sergeant. "It's been a terrific couple of years," enthuses Dane. "I keep thinking I'd like to see a big studio, but it keeps changing me." Recently he had to finance a \$100,000 offer to cameo in an action sci-fi flick called *The Gormani Man* so that he could produce *Assault*.

Dane has come a long way, considering



Dane contemplating his own knapsack. If you want it done right, do it yourself

he has had almost no formal experience and his formal training was limited to three half-hours acting lessons. Growing up Lawrence Joseph Ziskin in Ottawa, the youngest in a Lebanese family of six children, Dane showed an early and strong black-belted Al Jolson impersonation and a shy disposition. The crowning turned serious when he met film maker Rodge Crowley in 1954. Crowley gave him a job as an extra and stand-in on the old ice cream (Dane eventually played ice cream roles in some of the episodes).

In 1963, director Paul Almond hired him to Toronto to play a young Irish convict in a six-episode called *Shadows Of A Pale Horse*. Dane was already hooked in the film of controversy when General Motors withdrew sponsorship because it did not like the graphic way in which the drama depicted men being executed. The six-episode on national display of courage, went on with the show anyway, and Dane's (more as any actor can ask). "After two years in England, Dane moved to Hollywood in 1965. At six-foot-two with his somewhat vocal, long, swarthy face, and dangerously hooded eyes, Dane seemed more to be a TV heavy. He played bad guys in 70 episodes of each series in *Mid-Space*, *Maniacs*, and *Rescue*. "It didn't mind at all," he says. "If I'd been short and cherubic, I would have starved to death. There are only two major parts in any television show: the hero and the villain. The economics of the

medium don't allow for anything else." But by 1971, he had grown a tired of being dispatched by every square-jawed television hero. When his friend Gordon Fraser showed him the first draft of *The Assassination*, he quickly dropped everything and hurried back to Canada to produce it. "It was a matter of wanting to make your own mark," he says of the decision, "of wanting to be in control."

On the surface at least, Dane seems very much in control of his own life. A confirmed bachelor ("marriage scares the sh-- out"), he concedes that a few years ago he was trying to bed every girl he met. Now, however, he divides the playboy label some of his friends say him with. "If you're not married, people think you're either gay or a playboy." Beneath the confident, lady-killer exterior, however, lurks an introvert: sometimes, however, when acquaintances have nicknamed Chief Dark Cloud. "I think he's changing now," says one, "but in the past Larry has always felt persecuted."

His fears may be well founded. For amidst the mosquitoes and klieg lights the movie crew is preparing to heat the well-known Larry Dane alive. It's not the sort of thing movie producers would endorse, but Dane is willing to suffer gladly if a certain *Assault* will be a hit. "This one," he knows, "I want a winner on my plate." If nothing it out costs for anything, he may as well have it.

RONALD



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Books

More lonely passions

THE DOCTOR & THE by Brian Moore (McClelland and Stewart \$8.95)
Great art and deep experience are inside of the same cloth, only the cut is different. In lesser hands Brian Moore's new novel *The Doctor & The* might have fitted comfortably into the ABC network schedule between *One Life To Live* and *General Hospital*. This time the adrift woman is Mrs. Sheila Riddens, 37, weary of life and love of life as she stretches out for her first extraordinary affair with a young American in Paris. What reaches his hand Dr. Riddens, developing away in Belfast, Luke, many a devoted spouse with a university education he assumes that Sheila is suffering from a harmless embolism (trial) which could be alleviated by psychological treatment (plot). But what will happen? Will Sheila return to Belfast, amiable shoes, and home? Will she find happiness in a moment in the sun of her boy-lover? Or will she become a stranger in the two, eternal something more than a stolen clock? Time is in the third chapter.

The bestseller case of faded bad unions and single-haunted hearts have often been overdone. Most of Moore's work Sheila Riddens joins Mary Durrin and Judith Hester who by now must be living in some shabby bungalow for Agap. Brian Moore illustrates in a non-dramatic part of a plating metropolis.

But the persistence of Moore's work is not determined by its subject matter. The first is that some women can make the Second World War as an event, while in the hands of others it's a mere "spiral" of a remote experience. Though the whole of this novel is not much greater than the sum of its parts, it is still stamped with Moore's extraordinary talent and the acuteness of his mind. Moore's ability may be another a reader's first, but it can be enough of a moral dilemma to warrant a sense of conscience in a direct person. A sophisticated writer would have used Sheila as a woman characterized by one or her middle-class society. Moore suggests nothing of the sort. His gift is in writing sympathy for his heroine without losing the plot.

Like all of Moore's best work this novel is favored in Ireland. Since he first turned up in Montreal 20 years ago, a Belfast upbringing all best and only from Moore in the composing room of the Montreal Gazette. Moore has kept his Irish heritage alive in the cadence of language and place that infuse his work. But unlike some of our own nationalists, Moore doesn't wear his roots on his sleeve. His characters con-



Moore: If you've got him, Riddens has

siderately, instead of looking after their own and the reader's nose looking for it. Moore is not less important when kept in their proper place—background.

Today Moore sports a bouclet and tenders to keep up with his California residency. Last year, when he picked up his second Governor General's Award for his tenth novel, *The Great Northern*, Moore, now Canadian, grew apologetic about building over the ground as a critic whose typewriter was in a finely planned in the middle of modern or modern. These stories had a more aspect. More content instead of trying to exclude a good writer, we wish our readers to claim him on the best ground. Moore still hasn't given up on Apollinaire, and one has yet to read an Irish nationalist ready to abandon Deceit. Moore's Greek city-union dished Homer. Brian Moore may not be Homer, but his Canada country is with interesting much better we ought to hang onto him for a while.

BURTON AYERS

Looking back in anger

THE FORGOTTEN ROAD
by Donald Craig (McClelland and Stewart \$14.95)

"Every artist keeps within himself a single source which renews during his lifetime what he is and what he says," wrote Albert Camus, the existential darling of the Fifties. "When that spring runs dry, one can be well served and one can no longer watered by the invisible current." Few Canadian historians have been charged by that "invisible current" and it is an indication of how little we are of creating characters that this publishing ses-

sion's best effort in the category comes from 70-year-old Donald Craig, who served as the unofficial head of the history department at the University of Toronto in 1959. In *The Forgotten Road* is in his 11 other books. Craig's passion home with a kind of Captain Ahab intensity his absorption of those dramas of the American dream who possess those northern landscapes with their beguiling gospel that



Craig: When you're poor, White King

man's always better and that the best way to get more is to feed the forces of economic and political commitment over ready to engulf us.

Although his book (the ancestor) in McClelland and Stewart's long-running history of Canada series) is presented as a limited summary of the great events that presently shaped the Canadian psyche between 1850 and 1957, it's the Americanization of Canada that Craig's view out to document and condemn. His angry facts are presented with a keen skill that salutes, and the message is very clear: in the process of turning ourselves from a colony of Great Britain to an economic satellite of the United States we were taught to see living here beyond Englishmen in being toward Americans and lost the chance of becoming defiant Canadians.

With the care and detail due a prize capacity, Craig's view documents his thesis that during World War II, Canada "completely changed the face and soul of our association of the Commonwealth for a more intense economic and military dependence on the United States." The central figure in that transformation was, of course, Mackenzie King, and Craig's account has of presenting a personal style of Mackenzie's. "He professed parliamentary democracy when it suited his political convenience and plethoric democracy when it was politically advantageous to do so. The one constant element in his political philosophy was the endless complexity with which it was invariably expressed."

Some of the volume's best passages present Mackenzie as a man whose vicious Grand Douglas MacArthur because "a man-



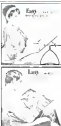
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Hutchison: These speeches mean the glory and, more important, the loss of it.

ture of Georges Khan and Louis XIV" while Maurice Duplessis, the wartime Quebec premier, is described as "a short, square French Canadian... who gained power by what was essentially a blatant electoral fraud and was to keep it through most of the remainder of his life by an organized system of electoral corruption." Instead of subscribing to the clichéd portrait of Canada as some sort of harmonious mosaic, Coughlin complains about "the large blunders, smaller blots and dots of continued colon that make up the country's present of Canadian society."

Coughlin's assessments are tough, but his attacks are fair. Above missing one establishment institution he has championed Canadian independence, defying the often liberal internationalists who still form the country's political and academic establishments. It has been a lonely battle fought against soft men with soft ideas with only the odd tough platoon sergeant and one old whiskey-mad bar company. It's a pity that we don't have a dozen Donal Coughlins. But lucky we are to have one.

PETER C. NEWMAN

Friends in high places

THE FAR SIDE OF THE STREET
by Bruce Hutchison
(Macmillan of Canada \$15.95)

Back in 1967, when Expo was lighting up Canada's hopes and Montreal's skyline, Lester Pearson laid his prime ministerial office in the Habitat apartment complex to Dean Acheson. The former U.S. secretary of state immediately visited his old friend Bruce Hutchison to show the housing problem and the new families had a winking good time touring the fair. Their only distraction occurred when a brightly lit English woman spotted Acheson instantly identified him as Anthony Eden

and demanded an autograph. Acheson signed the British statesman's name with a flourish, later explaining that he couldn't bear to dispossess a legal subject of the Quota. What impressed Hutchison most of all was that they were consistently being treated up to him through back doors reserved for you while the crowds lined up in front. "This," Acheson whispered to him at one point, "is a privilege, and privilege is wicked. Still, you learn to endure it."

It's this world of political privilege that Hutchison now chronicled director of The Vancouver Sun portrays in his new memoir, *The Far Side of the Street*. It's a world in which the boundaries between the reporter and his subjects often transgress into friendship and mutual admiration as they confide each other with their faith in the seamstress and political intelligence of man. Two has always been Hutchison's turf and he has occupied it with distinction and literary grace. His talent is to draw large conclusions from small events. His style, despite some garish patches, helps obliterate the distance that usually separates the nonfiction writer from his subjects so that the reader is never in the position of having to watch Hutchison watch the politicians who populate his book. "I write," he confesses, "because a lifetime of at least 2,000 years as one should be reckoned, I may have learned something about the world and, without it, a Canada now gone and quite unbelievable to most of its contemporary inhabitants, together with certain men who made and unmade it; their conversations, good and bad, still unknown today."

Most of Hutchison's remembrance pieces concern themselves with the six Canadians who have unshaken the prime minister's in his lifetime. Each profile ad-

resses his thesis that acceptance of this country's highest political post reflects the determination that it is never so that he becomes both a part of and contributor to the language that surrounds the office.

It's Hutchison's remarkable ability to evoke character and out of the flash glimpses he gives into the important people he knew that makes this volume from a fascinating memoir into an important reflection of its time. There's the wife of William Aberhart, the Social Credit premier of Alberta, sitting beside her husband at cabinet sessions, looking completely like Dickens' *Scrooge* at the Prime Minister's whispering approvingly, "Now, now William!" whenever her husband lost his temper. Charles Ritchie, Canada's former high commissioner to the United Kingdom, doing an introduction of himself, with wild gestures and shrill nasal effects, during his ceremonial approach to Queen Elizabeth's throne is shown suddenly glad to the palace door by wads of discarded chewing gum. Robert Kennedy who, as Hutchison's private secretary, turns out to be a "quiet man of small stature, nearly whorled face, cool manner, and soft speech."

Only occasionally do Hutchison's personal feelings color his narrative, sometimes through the mouth of Don, his wife and second wife. He recalls a private Washington dinner during which Dean Acheson and George Ball had conducted an outrageous debate about the profane and brazen of American power while the rest of the guests listened in silence. Finally Don Hutchison couldn't stand it any longer and interrupted the beautiful tirade. "What," she demanded, "is going to happen when you Yanks get too bloody big for your britches?"

PETER C. NEWMAN

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- TOPIC
1 Lady Doyle, Almond (2)
2 Tooth Not The Cat, Stewart (1)
3 Trinity, Gink (4)
4 The Lonely Lady, Robinson (2)
5 Dreams, Sayers (5)
6 The Golden Gate, Maclean (8)
7 Twinkle Twinkle Little Star, Davidson (1)
8 Agony in Pain, Macpherson (7)
9 The Deep, Benschley (16)
10 Children Of Dawn, Herbert
- NOVELS
1 A Man Called Obedience, Stevenson (2)
2 Balance of Power, The Maclean Film Board of Canada (1)
3 The First Days, Woodcock & Barnstien (2)
4 Penelope, Sherry (4)
5 The Canadian Expedition, Bennett (8)
6 The Canadian Connection, Chaboussau (8)
7 My Country, Berlin
8 Kora Alamyra, Hagan
9 German Fantasy (7)
10 The Arcane Of Man, Macneil (6)

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Trudeau never promised Vancouver a rose garden—which is probably just as well

Column by Allan Fotheringham

It is the best view in town—scenery of course—as nightbirds sing perched in a tower on the water's edge overlooking the sweep of the harbor and the hazy-green mountains rising on the other side. It is in fact the most expensive real-estate in the world, the supposed "magnificent" of the Canada Development Corporation in Vancouver. It is also a prime example of why the Liberals wish not to share with their opponents in Western Canada business understanding, one so wretchedly unpopular in British Columbia as the moment.

Some are here to force, some achieve it and yet others have it thrust upon them. The Trudeauists and the CDC seem made for each other. Here we have a government that runs a public relations camp and ends up with a publicity disaster. It is a classic case study of a political regime that lacks resolution. The CDC, of course, is a heavy shoober of excommunication going back to when Walter Gordon, co-inventor of the party, first proposed it in 1963 (David Lewis, in a matter of fact, claims the name reversed the idea in 1971). It was part of the Gordon dream—against by far the closest friend, Lester Pearson—to curb foreign control of our country and "buy back" Canadian industry by encouraging Canadians to invest in ownership of their own companies. A standard feature in Liberal thought speeches since 1963 and yet so consistently betrayed in government legislation, the old belief in the CDC finally was abandoned to the Conservatives in 1971. Its formation on November 29 of that year was remarkable only for the announcement that Trudeau made following the initial direction meeting. He stated that the CDC head office would be moved permanently from Ottawa to Vancouver "within two years."

It was assumed, naturally, as a shrewd Liberal move at a time when its election was approaching. The voters were restless in Western Canada and there was all the talk of the need to decentralize Ottawa's unbalanced middle-of-the-worldness. The meat was going to Whistler and asking, asked Vancouver had to be thrown a bone. It was the last story in The Vancouver Sun about relations, which's (LOCATE HERE) is the Ottawa corporation that explains how the move would bring hundreds of civil servants and corporate officials to the Vancouver area and should stimulate investment activity in the city.

At the government release conference, Tony Hampton, H. Anthony Hampton was the "take-charge fellow" (as The Canadian Press called him) who was put in

charge of CDC. He had only one small flaw. As a Montreal native and well-plugged into the Ottawa establishment's innermost circles, it became clear very early that Tony Hampton had no desire to leave the night life Toronto-Ottawa-Montreal triangle. He got the CDC machinery into a moving van so far to Toronto but not further. Mr. Hampton, just turned out, had a good job in Toronto, the children were in school and how do you spell Vancouver?



Hampton: he won't move, don't ask him

As the deadline approached on Trudeau's two-year pledge and the decision from Vancouver grew better, cabinet ministers grew nervous. It was "inconceivable," said Ron Paul, that the CDC would not move to Vancouver. If it didn't move, Hampton would, finally, suffer heavy pressure. Finance Minister John Turner got up on his hind legs at the Western Economic Opportunities Conference in Calgary in 1973 to announce that the CDC had decided to move its headquarters to Vancouver. Those of us who were wondering who ran the country—Trudeau or Hampton—breathed a sigh of relief.

As it happens, we breathed too soon. Today the answer is clear: while there is a difference of opinion between Trudeau and Hampton, Hampton prevails. This nightbirds' floor office, as it were, still is a fake office. Its absolute. The unmovable Hampton remains in Toronto with his brass. Flying to Vancouver periodically to

take board meetings. At one such gathering, eastern decisions planned to hold the board meeting at 7 a.m. because it fitted in with their jet legs and jet time for the 2 p.m. jet plane back east. The howl of rage from western directors killed it. When Hampton makes one of his rare appearances before the Vancouver press, he is greeted with cries of, "Welcome to Vancouver. Mr. Hampton. Find your way in from the airport okay?"

Today, the fact that the Liberals can't seem to manage has five employees in the fake Vancouver office. There are 17 in the Toronto office, where the decisions are made. On the twentieth floor at the Vancouver office, behind a billing the spokeswoman CANADA DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION PUBLIC RELATIONS, there was another strange aspect of this pushing operation. His name is John Ellis, the new chairman of the CDC. When the heavy funk from the press was making a growth industry of the criticism of Hampton, there was an obvious decision made to broadcast a taken Western Canadian chairman. Ellis, then a vice-chairman of the Bank of Montreal in Vancouver, was chosen. How a vice-chairman working for a financial bank could double as chairman of the CDC—choosing the name heads—was an exercise in mental gymnastics forbidden to those of us of simpler minds. When this contribution was highlighted in Ellis finally left the bank and now sits in lonely splendour on the twentieth floor, going at that splendid harbor view. There is also, next door, the CDC public relations officer, Ken Grant. Beautiful. A pit man stationed in Vancouver to try to convince the public the head office is not still in Toronto. Vancouver lives.

As the fifth anniversary of the CDC approaches we consider the evidence Hampton, president and chief executive officer, says he must remain in Toronto to be near the money markets. Perhaps he would indicate the Liberals were a silly error in designating Vancouver as the first place. What is apparent is that Ottawa, one member being sent to false conclusions with its simple order and admit its mistake. As a result, for five years the no public has been treated to a steady stream of evidence that the Trudeauism can't follow through on simple decisions of intent.

A move that was designed to win votes has ended up losing them by the handful instead of gaining respect from the voters they've strived to court. As a classical study in government flip-flop, it deserves to be put under glass.



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